

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

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A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

MILAN TO LUCERNE.



HIGH STREET, SWISS VILLAGE.

VOL. XI.—No. 2.

THE Italian lakes, Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, have challenged the admiration of poet and painter from the days of Virgil to the present time. Less sublime in their environment than those of Switzerland, they are far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air

of a balmier breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue.

Lake Como is only an hour's ride from Milan, through a fertile and hilly country. *En route* we pass the ancient town of Monza, where is preserved the iron crown with which Constantine, Charlemagne, Charles V., and Napoleon, besides two score of Lombard kings, have been crowned. Como, which lies amid an amphitheatre of hills, was the birthplace of the elder and younger Pliny. The mountains rise in verdurous slopes, clothed to their summits with chestnuts and olives, to the height of 7,000 feet. At their base nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face, give expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, gave a wondrous life and colour to the scene.

On a high and jutting promontory is Bellagio, the culminating point of beauty on the lake. After dinner at the *Hotel Grande Bretagne*, whose windows command one of the loveliest views I ever beheld, I set forth with a companion for a sunset sail on fair Como. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, our boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness—

We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold soft chimes  
That fill the haunted chambers of the night  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

Next day we crossed by private carriage, with jangling bells and quaint harness on our horses, from Lake Como to Lakes



Lugano and Maggiore—a delightful drive, up hill and down, through romantic scenery and picturesque villages. At the top of one long, steep slope, commanding a map-like view of the winding Como far beneath, our driver stopped just opposite an iron-grated window of an ancient church. Behind the grating were about a hundred skulls, and beneath, a receptacle for money, with a petition for alms for the repose of the souls of the former owners of those skulls. It was the most extraordinary appeal *ad misericordiam* that I ever saw. Two or three times during the day we crossed the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, with its inevitable guard-house and knot of soldiers.



ITALIAN-SWISS VILLAGE.

A charming sail on Lake Maggiore, with magnificent views of the distant snow-clad Alps, brought us in the evening to Isola Bella—"the beautiful island." In the seventeenth century, a famous Count Borromeo converted this barren crag into a garden of delight. It rises on ten terraces a hundred feet above the lake; and is stocked with luxuriant orange and lemon trees, cypresses, laurels, magnolias, magnificent oleanders, and fragrant camphor trees. Fountains, grottos, and statuary adorn this lovely spot. We found the chateau and gardens closed; but by dint of perseverance we effected an entrance, and, by a judicious fee, obtained

permission to explore the beauties of the scene. Near by is the many-turreted chateau of Baveno, where Queen Victoria was an honoured guest during her recent visit to Italy.

In the after-glow of a golden sunset, we were rowed by a pirate-looking boatman to Stresa, where I parted with my companion in travel, he crossing the Alps by the Simplon route and I by the St. Gotthard Pass.

On a lofty hill near the lake, overlooking the country which he loved so well, is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, 112 feet high, his hand stretched out in perpetual benediction upon its hamlets and villages.

Traversing the entire length of Lake Maggiore, between towering mountains on either side, I took the train for Biasca, the present terminus of the railway. The road follows the winding valley of the Ticino. The scenery is a blending of Alpine grandeur with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crown the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleam through the dense foliage and leap headlong from the cliffs. Huge fallen rocks bestrew the valley, as though the Titans had piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies.

From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy waterfall. Before sunset I set out for my first Alpine climb. A steep winding path ascended the hill to a pilgrimage chapel. Along the wayside were a number of shrines adorned with glaring frescoes, and rudely carved pathetic dead Christs, with an offering of withered flowers before them. I gathered some beautiful anemones, which swung their censers in the mountain air, and drank deep delight from the sublimity of the prospect. Coming down I lost the path, when a peasant woman, mowing in the fields, kindly dropped her scythe and tripped down the steep slope to point out the narrow winding way. It led me down to a little group of houses, rudely built of stone, and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone seems more plentiful than wood; it is used for fences, bridges, supports of vine trellis, etc. One of the peasants, at my request, showed me his house. It was very comfortless, with bare floors and rude home-made furniture. He showed me also his stock of wooden shoes and his silkworms' eggs, for he eked



out a living by winding silk. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall ; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

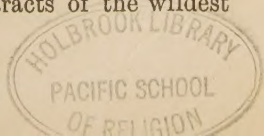
“ The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Early next morning I climbed to my seat on the top of the lumbering *diligence* in which I was to cross the Alps. The *diligence* is a huge vehicle with broad-tired wheels, set about six feet apart to prevent danger of upsetting, and formidable with brakes, and drags, and chains, suggestive of mountain



ARMS OF ITALY AT BOUNDARY LINE.

perils. It is like a stage coach, with another coach cut in two and placed part in front and part aloft behind. The luggage is stored on a strong deck on top. I was fortunate in securing a place *en banquette*, as it is called, but I gave it up to two fellow-tourists condemned to the *interieur*, and sat with the guard upon the luggage. We rattled through the squalid, stone-paved, ill-smelling town, and through many like it, climbing ever higher and higher. The Ticino, whose banks the road follows, tears its way down in foaming cataracts of the wildest



character through a mountain cleft. There is not even room for the road, which is carried through tunnels, or on arches over the boiling flood. On either side the milky torrents stream down the mountain side, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." I noticed far up a slope a huge cross, like a sign of consecration, formed of snow drifts.

At Airolo, where we stopped for lunch, a peasant fair was in progress, and the costumes of men and women were very picturesque. Some of the women wear a most extraordinary tiara of silver, almost like a nimbus, on their heads. Here is the southern end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, some nine miles long, which pierces the mountain, and will this year be open for travel. From this point we climb to the summit of the pass by some thirty zigzags, dragged up by seven stout horses, which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons open on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives, are left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, assert their reign. They climb in serried ranks; and on lone inaccessible heights stand majestic and sublime, grappling firm foothold on the everlasting rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds of heaven. These in turn become dwarfed and disappear, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothes the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures are covered with these, like the Rosengarten shown in our frontispiece. At last even these give way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs; and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle tenant these lone solitudes.

The change from the burning plains of Lombardy to these Alpine solitudes—from lands of sun to lands of snow—was very striking. I thank God for the revelation of His might and majesty in those everlasting mountains. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sublimity to the soul. After busy months spent in crowded cities—the work of men—it is a moral tonic to be brought face to face with the grandest works of God. Yet even to this sanctuary of nature the warring passions of man have found their way. In 1799 the Russian General



Suwarow led an army through these bleak defiles, and on a huge rock near the summit is engraven the legend, SUWAROW VICTOR. Several stone defences against avalanches, and refuges for storm-stayed travellers, also occur.

At the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea, is a large and gloomy Italian inn, and near it a *hospice*, erected by the Canton, containing fifteen beds for poor travellers, who are received gratuitously. I made my way up the dark stairway, in an exploring mood, and came to the conclusion that they must be very poor travellers who take refuge in these dismal cells. In a large room I found a telegraph office and signal station, and was told that in that bleak outpost the sentinels of civilization kept their lonely watch the long winter through. At this great height are several small lakes, fed from the snow-clad mountains which tower all around. Passing the summit, our huge vehicle rattles down a desolate valley in a very alarming manner, threatening, as it turns the sharp angles, to topple over the low wall into the abyss below. But strong arms are at the brakes, and after ten miles' descent we dash into the little Alpine village of Andermatt.

I wished to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge" across the Reuss, so I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. On either side rise in tremendous cliffs the everlasting battlements of rock. Against these walls of adamant the tortured river hurls itself, and plunges into an abyss a hundred feet deep. A scene of more appalling desolation it is scarce possible to conceive. Yet a sterner aspect has been given by the wrath of man. Here, amid these sublimities of nature, was fought a terrible battle between the French and Russians in 1799. The river ran red with blood, and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned, or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge.

The legend of the building of the *Teufelsbrücke* is thus recorded in Longfellow's "Golden Legend :"—

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
With a single arch from ridge to ridge  
It leaps across the terrible chasm  
Yawning beneath it black and deep,  
As if in some convulsive spasm  
The summits of the hills had cracked,  
And made a road for the cataract  
That raves and rages down the steep.  
Never any bridge but this  
Could stand across the wild abyss ;  
All the rest, of wood or stone,  
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
He toppled crags from the precipice ;  
And whatsoever was built by day,  
In the night was swept away :  
None could stand but this alone.  
Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last, with a single arch,  
Under which, in its endless march,  
Runs the river white with foam,  
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.  
And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which crossed  
Should be surrendered into his hand  
And be beyond redemption lost.  
At length, the bridge being all completed,  
The Abbot, standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after ;  
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter  
To see the Devil thus defeated.

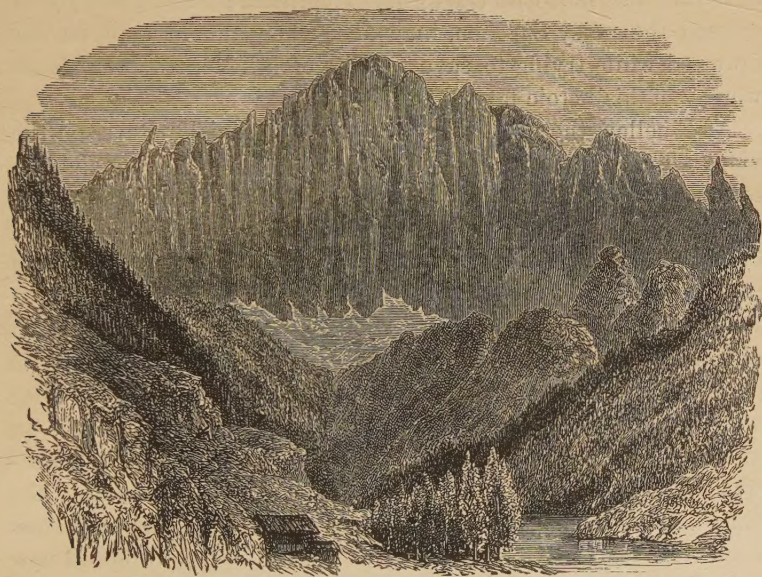
I returned about nine o'clock to the quaint old Swiss hotel, the "Drei Konige"—that is, the "Three Kings" or Magi who came to visit the infant Christ, a very common sign in Europe,—and enjoyed a good dinner after a hard day's work. I was shown up the winding stair to my room, in which was an old-fashioned high bedstead with a feather bed on top by way of comforter. And very glad I was to crawl under it, for the air was very cold.

The morning broke bright and clear. From the quaint little windows of the hotel I looked out upon a rapid stream rushing swiftly below, and down the village street. The houses had all



broad overhanging roofs, with carved gables and timbers, and had altogether a very comfortable and hospitable look.

The ride from Andermatt to Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, was, I think, the finest I ever had in my life. The snow-clad mountains, the dark green forests, the deep valleys, the foaming torrents and waterfalls, the bright sunshine, made up a picture of sublimity and beauty which I thank God for permitting me to behold. In one narrow defile—the Schollenen—precipices rise a thousand feet in air, and the snowy Reuss raves along its channel far below. In four leagues the river descends 2,500



IN ST. GOTTHARD PASS.

feet. The road winds along the edge of the chasm, or boldly leaps across in a single arch. Far up the mountain sides can be seen the mountain cattle and goats, on slopes so steep that you wonder they do not slide down. The loftier summits glisten with their crown of snow, or are swathed in a mantle of cloud. Human moles are everywhere busy delving and tunnelling for the St. Gotthard Railway. The firing of blasts, sometimes so near that I feared they would startle our horses, woke the echoes of the mountains. Waggons loaded with timber, wheelbarrows, spades, pickaxes, and railway plant almost blocked the narrow

road. The whole region is rife with legends of William Tell. On our way we passed through the little village of Altdorf, where he is said to have shot the apple off his son's head. Critics try to make us believe that this never happened, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the village in which he was born, his statue, with his crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is a fountain, on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how can I help believing the grand old story? I crossed the noisy Saachen, in which, when an old man, he was drowned while trying to save the life of a little child—a death worthy of his heroic fame.

At Fluellen, the grandeur of the Lake of Uri bursts upon the view. The mountains rise abruptly from the lake, from eight to ten thousand feet. I walked some miles along the Axenstrasse—a road hewn in the mountain side, high above the lake, and beneath tremendous overhanging cliffs of tortured strata, which in places are pierced by tunnels—and lingered for hours enchanted with the blended beauty and sublimity of the views. With quickened pulse of expectation, I descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed Tell's Chapel, so familiar in pictures. But what was my disappointment to find not one stone left on another! That great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway, was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be five hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand new one which was to be erected near the spot; which I felt to be almost sacrilege.

Embarking at Fluellen, I sailed down the memory-haunted lake, passing the field of Rutli, where, five hundred years ago, the midnight oath was taken by the men of Uri, which was the first bond of the Swiss Confederacy; and further on the monument of Schiller, the bard of Tell. The whole region is a sanctuary of liberty. Memories of Sempach and Morgarten and Rutli; of Winkelried and Furst and Tell; of purest patriotism and heroic valour, for ever hallow this lovely land.

I stopped at Vitznau to ascend the Righi, 5,906 feet above the sea. A railway leads from the picturesque village to the summit.



The engine climbs up by means of a cog-wheel, which catches into teeth on the track. In one place it crosses a skeleton iron bridge. As we climb higher and higher, the view widens till, as we round a shoulder of the mountain, there bursts upon the sight a wondrous panorama of mountain, lakes, and meadows, studded with chalets, villages and hamlets, and distant towns.



IN THE SCHOLLENEN PASS.

As the sun went down, a yellow haze, like gold dust, filled the air and glorified the entire landscape. The view in fine weather sweeps a circle of 300 miles, and commands an unrivalled prospect of the whole Bernese Oberland. But just as we reached the summit, we plunged into a dense mist, and groped our way to a huge hotel which loomed vaguely through the fog. Here, a mile high among the clouds, a hundred and sixty guests—English,

French, German, Russian, and American, and of every grade of rank—sat down to a sumptuous *table d'hôte* in the highest hotel in Europe, and one of the finest. A perfect Babel of languages was heard, and in the bed-rooms the following unique announcement was posted:—"Considering the great affluence [influx] of visitors from all nations to this house, we beg [you] to take good care and to lock well the door during the night." It was bitter cold, and the wind howled and moaned without, but in the elegant *salons* the music, mirth, and gaiety seemed a strange contrast to the bleakness of the situation.

At four o'clock in the morning, the unearthly sound of an Alpine horn rang through the corridors, and a motley group of shivering mortals turned out to witness the glories of the sunrise. The strangely-muffled forms that paced the summit of the mountain bore slight resemblance to the elegantly dressed ladies and gallant carpet knights of the evening before. Tantalizing glimpses of the glorious panorama were caught through rifts in the swirling clouds; but sullen and grim they swathed us round, and sullen and grim we crept back to bed. Dr. Cheever, who was favoured with a fine view of this revelation of glory, says: "It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their pyramidal peaks in succession, like a row of gigantic cressets burning with rosy fires. A devout soul might almost have felt, seeing these fires kindled on the altars of God, as if it heard the voices of the Seraphim crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.'" I had the good fortune after breakfast to get a fine view of the landscape. Beneath me, like a map, lay Lakes Zug, Lucerne, Sempach, and half a score of others, with their towns and villages; and in the distance the whole range of the Bernese Alps. The nearer view—now flecked with sun, now gloomed with shade—was a vision of delight, whose memory can never fade. The faint far-tolling of the bells and lowing of the kine floated softly up, and all the beauty of the "incense-breathing morn" unfolded itself to the sight. The view from Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is more extensive, and in some respects more grand, but it is by no means so beautiful.

Taking the steamer again, I soon reached Lucerne. Its ancient walls, and towers, and battlements climbing the slopes of the



surrounding hills, and the dark background of Mount Pilatus, are very imposing. According to tradition, Pontius Pilate, when banished from Galilee, fled thither, and in the bitterness of his remorse committed suicide upon this desolate mountain.

Lucerne is a quaint old town of 15,000 inhabitants. Many of the houses are built of carved timber, with the upper stories projecting, and with broad overhanging eaves. Through it rushes the River Reuss with arrowy swiftmess. The river is spanned by four bridges, two of which have long covered arcades, the spandrils in the roof being decorated with very strange paintings. One series of 154 represents scenes from the Scriptures and from Swiss history. The other series represents Holbein's celebrated "Dance of Death." The paintings are accompanied by descriptive German verses. Death is represented as a skeleton masquerading in a variety of characters. He arrests a gaily-dressed gallant going to a festival, while the guests wait in vain; he lays his bony hand on an infant in a cradle, while the mother, filled with trepidation, draws near; dressed in plumes and velvet doublet he confronts a warrior on his horse; he appears as a spectre at a banquet; he holds aloft an hour-glass to a reveller; he tears a banner from the grasp of a mail-clad warrior, and rides victorious through a battle-scene. With a wicked grin he holds the train of a queen walking in a procession, and acts the acolyte to a priest at the altar; he appears suddenly to a king and his ministers at the council board, to a bride among her tire-women, and plays on a dulcimer to a new-wed man and wife; he snatches his spade and mattock from a gardener, and arrests travellers on the highway; he comes to a goldsmith among his jewels, to a merchant among his bales; he mixes the colours of an artist; he greets a proud court dame in her state, a magistrate in his robes, a monk in his cell, and a gay pleasure-party in a carriage. He snatches the sceptre from a monarch, and his red hat from a cardinal. With a wicked leer he puts out the lights upon the altar where a nun is kneeling, while she turns her head to listen to a youth pleading at her side. In cap and bells he dances with a queen, and leads a blind beggar into an open grave. The sketches are full of character and expression, ranging from tragic to grotesque, yet all full of solemn suggestion. Underneath this great picture gallery of Death,

Among the wooden piles the turbulent river  
Rushes impetuous as the river of life.

And through the long gallery, too, flows unheeding the stream of life—peasants, market women, and school children, who stood to watch me as I studied the pictures and jotted down the above notes.

The quaint carved Rath Haus, the arsenal, the Wein Markt, the walls and towers, the overhanging houses, and the queer old Schwann Hotel where I lodged, were objects of intense interest. The old town was gay with banners on account of the national Art and Industrial Exhibition, which continued for three months. It gave a very favourable impression of the skill of the Swiss in wood-carving, modelling, painting, and sculpture. The educational exhibit and collection of books was admirable, as were also the manufacturing exhibits. Diamond cutting and other industries were in progress.

I was greatly impressed by the celebrated Lion of Lucerne, carved by Thorwaldsen in the face of a high natural cliff, in commemoration of the 26 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss Guard who fell in defence of the royal family of France at the outbreak of the Revolution. The dying lion, twenty-eight feet long, transfixed by a broken lance, endeavours, with a look of mournful majesty, to protect the lily-shield of the Bourbons with his paw. The rock is overhung with trees and creeping plants, and a spring which trickles down one side forms a dark pool, surrounded by shrubs at the base. It is sublime in its simplicity and touching in its tragic pathos.

In the evening I attended an organ recital in the venerable Hof Kirche, an ancient building with two tall and slender spires. At the entrance is a rude relief of Christ in the Garden, arrested by black-faced soldiers, who carry real wooden staves and iron cressets. The organ performance I liked much better than that which I subsequently heard on the great instrument of Freiburg, or than any other I heard in Europe. A master hand was at the keys, and played with exquisite feeling and expression. First, clear flute-like notes came stealing on the ear, like the chanting of a far-off choir. Then came a burst of sound that shook the solid walls, dying away in the distance in deep tones of human tenderness, then swelling into an exultant pæan of



triumph. Then came a pause of silence and another tempest of music, out of which warbled, like a human voice, a sweet air. It was like a dove gliding out of a thunder storm. Then soft echoes answered, faint and far. Slow and solemn movements followed—stately marches, and infinite cavalcades of sound. A lighter air was taken up and expanded, unfolded, and glorified, the organ rolling in thunder, but the sweet air singing on like a bird through it all. The closing performance was a famous storm-piece. The sighing of the wind and the moaning of the pines grew louder and louder, then in a lull was heard the prayer of the peasants, which was soon drowned in the burst of rain and hail, and the crash of the loud-rolling thunder, shaking the solid ground. Then the storm died away, and a sweet hymn of thanksgiving, like the singing of a choir of angels, stole upon the ear. The twilight deepened into gloom, the vaulted arches receded into darkness, the tapers twinkled upon the altar, the figure of the dead Christ on the cross gleamed spectral through the shadows, and a group of tourists from many lands sat entranced and touched to deep emotion by the spell of that wondrous music.

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## THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

BY EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

Said the Corn to the Lilies :

“ Press not near my feet,  
You are only idlers,  
Neither Corn nor Wheat.  
Does one earn a living  
Just by being sweet ? ”

Naught answered the Lilies,

Neither yea nor nay,  
Only they grew sweeter  
All the livelong day.  
And at last the Teacher  
Chanced to come that way

While His tired disciples

Rested at His feet,  
And the proud Corn rustled  
Bidding them to eat,  
“ Children,” said the Teacher,  
“ The life is more than meat.

“ Consider the Lilies,

How beautiful they grow !  
Ne’er king had such glory,  
Yet no toil they know.”  
Oh, happy were the Lilies  
That He loved them so !

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

## METHODIST MISSIONS IN INDIA.

## II.



PAPAW TREE, INDIA.

ONE of the most successful missions in India is that of Mysore, the story of which has been rendered classic by the admirable volume of the Rev. William Arthur, recording its history. The province of Mysore embraces a large tract of country in the interior of the peninsula of Hindostan, situated between the east and west ridges of the Ghauts, and forming a high table-



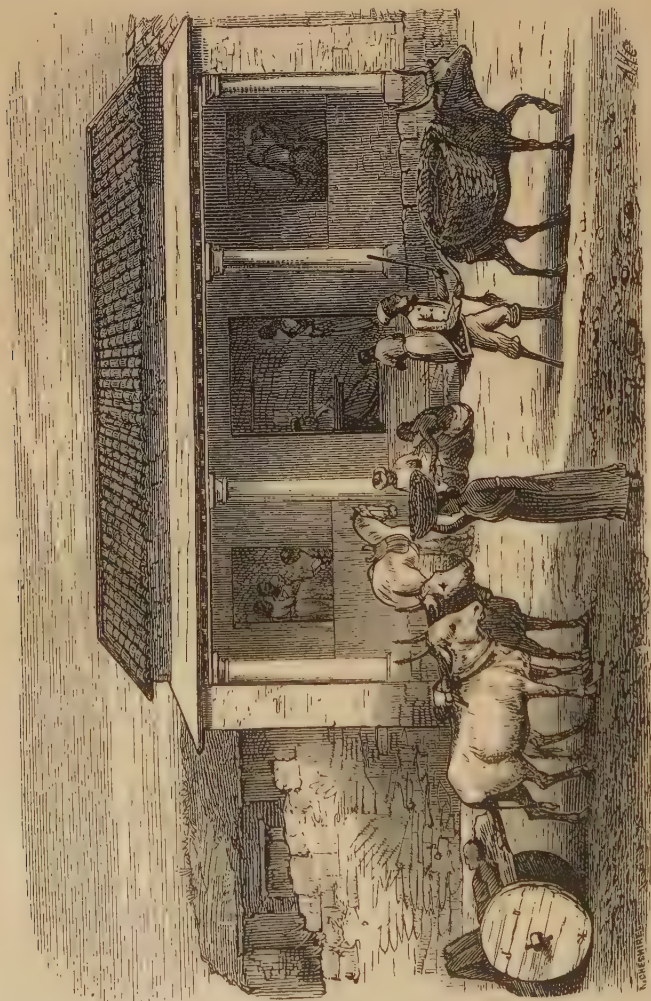
land nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. This district is in some places subject to drought, and is altogether less fertile and productive than many other parts of Southern India; but by artificial means, such as dams and tanks, the water is collected from numerous rivers and mountain torrents in large quantities, for the purpose of irrigation, and considerable crops of cotton, sugar, rice, and other articles are raised. From its elevated position, the Mysore is favoured with a climate comparatively temperate.

Although not, properly speaking, the capital of the province, Bangalore is the most populous and important city in the country. Here the British Government keep up a large military establishment, and here also have been located the headquarters of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the Mysore district for many years, during which all possible means have been employed to shed the light of Divine truth on the surrounding darkness.

The Fort of Bangalore is strongly built, fortified by a ditch and wall, and by a quantity of jungle or thick underwood, permitted to grow on every side, with a view to hinder the swift approach of banditti, who were accustomed to come upon the people unawares for the purpose of spoil and plunder. The scenery of the surrounding country was similar to that which prevails in other parts of India, and the habits of the people were simple in the extreme; but all were involved in midnight heathen darkness. A prominent feature in the landscape is the graceful papau tree, shown in our initial cut. The fruit, which hangs in large clusters just beneath the leafy crown, is an edible of great value. The huge berries, for such they are, are often ten inches long, and are used both green and ripe, cooked and raw. The leaves make an admirable substitute for soap for washing linen.

On their arrival at Bangalore, the missionaries found that Hinduism and Mahomedanism were the predominant religious systems there, the same as in other parts of the Mysore and Southern India generally; and the natives were addicted to the usual idolatrous and superstitious rites and ceremonies. The prevalent object of worship was the sacred bull of Shiva. The god Shiva is said to ride upon a bull, and therefore all the followers of Shiva worship the image of that animal. In all parts of India these are found. They are often very large, more

then twenty feet long, but sometimes not more than half an inch. Incense is burned before them; flowers put upon their breasts; garlands and strings of bells round their necks; and the people walk three times round them.



WESLEYAN MISSION SCHOOL AT BANGALORE.

Some devout people consecrate bulls to Shiva. These are stamped with a seal that all people respect, and turned loose. They go in and out of the temples and people's houses at pleasure, help themselves from the baskets of grain and other things in the open shops, no one daring to interfere with them, and get so bold as to be dangerous.



As the result of unwearied efforts, the Bangalore station has risen to a high state of efficiency. The mission-house, chapels, school-rooms, and other buildings, which have been erected at different periods, and at little or no expense to the Society's funds, are on a convenient and ample scale; and the new sanctuary which stands at the end of the esplanade is said to be the largest and the best Methodist chapel in Asia. The printing establishment, which has sent forth tens of thousands of copies of portions of the Scriptures and other good books, is second to none in India, whilst the schools for the training of children, and the education of more advanced pupils, will bear a comparison with those of any similar establishments in any part of the world. And, best of all, the Gospel of Christ, as faithfully preached by the missionaries in English, Tamil, and Canarese, not only in the beautiful places of worship which have been erected, but in the bazaars and streets of the city, and in twenty-five surrounding villages, has been made the power of God unto salvation to many precious souls. The cut on page 114 shows the girls' school at Bangalore. In front of it is represented a characteristic Indian scene. A merchant has got off his horse and is making a bargain with the man seated on the ground. The two pretty bullocks are drawing a sort of cart or truck; and the carter, having got rid of his load, lies on his back, and makes the most of the time by going to sleep, trusting his bullocks to go the right way. The man further on, in the queer dress, is a retired Sepoy, whose wooden leg shows that he has been in the wars. He still wears his old soldier's dress, though he gets a living by carrying things on his one bullock. Not only does he use the stick, but, you see, he has a way of making the poor beast go by twisting its tail. In front of all is a woman of low caste, carrying a basket on her head. The bullock carts shown on a larger scale in the cut on page 116 are still the chief means of transport in India, after two thousand years of pagan civilization. Anything more rude and primitive it would be hard to conceive. As a consequence, during the late famine, when the transport resources of the country were taxed to the utmost to convey rice to the famine-smitten districts, they utterly broke down. The bullocks died by hundreds by the wayside; and the food which might have saved precious lives never reached its destination. The introduction of railways—the product of a

Christian civilization—by facilitating the transport of food, prevented the mortality caused by the famine from being far greater than it unhappily was.

Almost simultaneously with the first efforts which were made by the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the evangelization of



INDIAN BULLOCK CARTS.

Bangalore and its neighbourhood, attention was directed to Seringapatam, that last grand stronghold of Mahomedan despotism in Southern India. At that time the fortifications of the city had been dismantled, and the gigantic ruins which were seen on every hand presented to the view striking evidence of the power



and grandeur of the celebrated Tippo Saib, who fell in his last struggle for supremacy, when the city was captured by the British in 1799.

The city of Mysore is the capital of the province of that name, and the place where the reigning Rajah has his regal palace and splendid equipage of tame elephants and household troops. This distinguished personage, although a rigid Hindu, is favourable to the Wesleyan mission, and patronises the educational department of the work especially in various ways. The mission-schools have already made a deep impression in favour of Christianity, and a few converted natives have been united in Church fellowship.

To the places already mentioned as military stations occupied by Wesleyan ministers in Northern India, the city of Lucknow, so famous in the Indian Mutiny, has recently been added. Here a neat chapel has been built, and an English-speaking congregation collected by the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

In bringing to a close our brief review of the origin and progress of Wesleyan missions in India, we may remind the reader of the numerous and powerful obstacles which have tended to impede the advancement of the work in this important section of the wide field. In addition to the complicated and elaborate system of Hinduism, with its fascinating superstitious rites and ceremonies, and its idol worship, in which the masses of the people have been trained for ages, there is the soul-withering influence of caste; and the barrier which caste raises against religious enquiry and Christian fellowship can only be fully appreciated by those who have had to do with it, and seen the poor Hindu convert to the faith of the Gospel cursed, disowned, abandoned, and left to perish by his idolatrous and cruel kindred. We say nothing now about the exclusiveness, pride, and obstinacy of that portion of the population who are professed Mahomedans. We only glance at the peculiar hindrances which stand in the way of the progress of missionary work in India, for the purpose of showing that we must not measure its value and importance by mere statistical and visible results, but rather entertain the hope that the faithful preaching of the Gospel in the vernacular languages of the people, the translation and circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the education of the

rising generation, as it is conducted in the mission-schools, will gradually sap the foundation of idolatry and hasten its entire downfall.

The greatest drawback to the prosperity of the Indian mission



A BRAHMIN PRIEST.

has been the frequent removal of the missionaries in consequence of the failure of health. This has been in a measure compensated by the raising up of a number of native ministers to preach the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen in their own vernacular



tongue; and it is hoped that in time to come still more will be qualified and called of God to engage in this noble enterprise.

We have already spoken of the obstructive influence of the Brahmins. The sanctity in which these men are held by the inferior castes would seem incredible if it were not well authenticated. We give on page 118 a portrait of one who is actually worshipped as a god. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning, when he dresses himself, bathes, and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each side, and joins them across his nose. To be without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half-naked Brahmins, all marked like this, makes one think of that passage in the Revelation which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand." (Rev. xiv. 6.)

Our Brahmin is not usually dressed as shown in the cut, for he very rarely wears anything at all above his waist. But, as he wished to show his respect to English manners, he borrowed a shawl and turban to visit the missionary and have his likeness taken.

The persistency of caste, if we may use the expression, is also a cause of fatal inertia. A man must be what his fathers were. He can never rise above the sordid condition in which he was born. This strikes at the very root of that energetic principle—the desire to get on and to rise in the world—which characterizes the progressive Anglo-Saxon race. The barber in our last engraving, for instance, must be always a barber, and his sons after him, unless he breaks his caste by becoming a Christian. The influence of the railways, by facilitating travel and promoting social intercourse, is doing much to break down the tyranny of caste.

The engraving to which we have just referred represents a head servant, or *appoo*, as he is called, being shaved in the kitchen verandah of his master's house; while the house servant next in importance waits his turn, or makes use of the opportunity to get all the news and gossip he can out of the barber. A Singhalese generally stands to be shaved, as you see here.

But it is a common thing along the roadside to see a low shed of dry cocoanut leaves, beneath the shadow of which may be discerned, squatting or kneeling on a mat, a barber holding a Moor-man, or perhaps a Tamil, by the chin, plying his razor, while the



A CINGHALESE BARBER.

person operated on squats or kneels also, in the same position as himself.

Moormen have all the head shaven, and so do many of the Tamils; but these often grow the one single long tuft, which the Hindus wear, giving them a strange and wild look. Buddhist



priests also have their heads clean shaved ; for it is said if their hair were allowed to grow long their robes would be soiled thereby, and thus their minds be made unclean. These holy baldheads generally shave each other, though it is lawful for them to employ a common barber. The men in the engraving are not masquerading in women's costume. They are in their usual dress, and their hair, topknot and all, is always worn as shown in the cut.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way, it is satisfactory to know that the labours of the missionaries are not without tangible and visible results. By the blessing of God upon the numerous agencies which are employed to evangelize the people, tens of thousands have been won over from the worship of dumb idols to serve the true and living God ; and it is hoped that in time to come a still more plentiful harvest will be gathered into the garner of the Lord. In the respective circuits and districts of Ceylon and continental India, the Wesleyan Missionary Society employs about eighty-eight missionaries, a large proportion of whom are native. These have three thousand four hundred Church members under their pastoral care, and there are upwards of seventeen thousand scholars receiving instruction in the respective mission-schools. In view of the peculiar nature of the work, and of the numerous difficulties at which we have briefly glanced, surely this is a measure of success which may well encourage the friends of missions to renewed and more vigorous efforts in their prosecution of their holy enterprise.

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### EXAMPLE.

THE tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost beings rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.

—*Longfellow,*

## CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

### ESSAY II.—BENEVOLENT ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF CANADIAN METHODISM.—EARLY AGENCY AND AGENTS.—THEIR SACRIFICES AND LABOURS.\*

CANADIAN METHODISM is no less remarkable for its *benevolent* than for its *loyal* origin. Benevolence itself is among the first of the God-like virtues—pitying the destitute, helping the distressed, “upholding those that fall, and raising up those that are bowed down.” And that benevolence never shines with a purer lustre than when it voluntarily suffers wholly for the sake of others—accompanies the lonely emigrant into the wilderness, and cheers the first months of his isolation, privations and labours, by warming and illuminating his bark-covered log-cottage with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness and the angel songs of devotion and praise. If the indigenous industry of the new settlers felled the first tree of the forest, erected the first shanty, turned the first sod, made the first enclosure, planted and gathered the first crop; so did the first Methodist preachers follow in the footsteps of the first emigrants, traversing the same wildernesses, braving the same privations and hardships, and, like emigrants themselves, without extraneous support. Losee himself, the first itinerant minister from the United States, during his first journey through an almost interminable forest from Lake Champlain to the Bay of Quinte, came “on a warfare at his own temporal charges,” and therefore endured the severe hardships of ordinary emigrants. And thus travelled and endured Losee’s colleagues and successors—the Dunhams, the Colemans, the Woolseys, the Keelers, the Coates, the Jewells, the Sawyers, the Bangs, and others of that epoch of Methodism in Canada—especially Upper Canada. Through long roads, or rather roadless deserts, they came to the Canadian wilderness settlements in the faith and spirit of the first Gospel Mission established

\* This paper, from the peculiarity and variety of its topics, is longer than the preceding paper, and longer than those which will follow.



by the Saviour (Matt. x., 9, 10), provided with "neither gold, nor silver, nor scrip, nor two coats," resting with assurance and dignified confidence that now, as in ancient days, "the workman is worthy of his meat."

The ample provision which is made nowadays to defray the travelling expenses and provide for the support of missionaries to near and distant fields of labour, was not known in the first days of Methodist Mission work in Canada, any more than the modern improvements in travel and agriculture. With these improved facilities of travel and support there ought to be a corresponding missionary zeal, activity and consecration. The identity of sympathy of the first preachers with the first settlers in their toils and wants, invested the Divine messenger with vast power for good in behalf of the people to whom he ministered. Perhaps there is no one element of moral influence more powerful in the formation of the character of a people than blending with their earliest forest homes the domestic and public services of religion and the associations of Christian friendship. The educated and uneducated alike feel the power of such an influence, which pervades the primitive dwelling and descends from generation to generation. We have no doubt that the energetic, manly and Christian character which at all times, in war as well as in peace, has distinguished the people of Upper Canada, is the fact that their first homes echoed to the practical doctrines and morals of the Gospel; and though the first generation of settlers were far from being all religious, they were not infidels—they "feared God and honoured the king"—there was no infidelity among them; and though some of them took God's name in vain, and remembered not the Sabbath day to keep it holy, yet the skeptics and the scorers, who would bring religion into contempt by attacking the motives of its ministers and professors, have ever been compelled to admit that it was not the skeptic or the scorner that first pitied the moral destitution of the early settlers in Canada, and, amid great exposures and dangers, traversed forests, and rivers, and lakes, to assuage the sorrows, encourage the hopes, and guide the morals of the first adventurers; but it was those who had experienced the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation, had imbibed the benevolent spirit of Jesus Christ, and were animated by His love.

If the character and labours of the first preachers of Chris-

tianity demonstrated the divinity of the religion they preached; the first Methodist preachers in Canada, by their self-denials, purity of life and doctrine, and extraordinary labours, demonstrated the divinity of their mission, and produced in the public mind the conviction that they were actuated by higher than human motives and were sustained by higher than human power, while their ministrations were instrumental in creating hundreds of happy homes, and the fruits of righteousness in the lives of thousands of individuals.

We will give a few examples of the self-sacrifice and hardships of these volunteer apostles of Methodism to the first loyalist emigrants in Canada.

Losee's first visit to Canada in 1790 was spontaneous—by permission, not by appointment. In 1791 he was appointed the primary missionary to the Bay of Quinte. "*Losee having taken part with the loyalists during the American Revolution, and having acquaintances in Canada, was not the less acceptable on that account; and a pretty extensive Circuit was soon formed, where he preached during the year. The people were soon aroused to the subject of religion, and conversions occurred in various townships, so that 165 members were reported at the close of the year.*"\*

"James Coleman volunteered and was sent to Canada in 1794. On his route to and in his travels in the Provinces, he endured the severest privations. While passing up the Mohawk river he was obliged to go on shore *fifteen nights in succession*, and kindle a fire to keep off the wild beasts; and his food failing, he was reduced to a cracker per day."†

Under date of 1801, Dr. Bangs, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," thus states the manner in which the earliest Methodist preachers prosecuted their work in Upper Canada:—

"Upper Canada was at that time but sparsely populated; so that in riding from one appointment to another, the preachers sometimes had to pass through wildernesses from ten to sixty miles distance, and not unfrequently had either to encamp in the woods or sleep in an Indian tent; and sometimes, in visiting the newly settled places, they have carried provender for their horses overnight, when they would tie them to a tree to prevent their stray-

\* Rev. Wm. Case's Jubilee Sermon, delivered at London in 1855, p. 4.

† Dr. Stevens' Life and Times of Dr. Bangs, p. 41.

ing in the woods ; while the preachers themselves had to preach, eat, and sleep in the same room, looking at the curling smoke ascending through an opening in the roof of the log-cabin, which had not yet the convenience of even a chimney.

“ But in the midst of these labours and privations they seemed to be abundantly compensated in beholding the blessed effects of their evangelical efforts, and the cordiality and high gratification with which they were received and treated, more especially by those whose hearts God had touched by His Spirit. For though the people were in the wilderness, and many of them poor, they seemed to be ripe for the Gospel ; and it was no less gratifying to its messengers than it was pleasurable to its recipients to behold its blessed effects upon the hearts and lives of such as ‘ believed with the heart unto righteousness.’ While those who resisted the truth often manifested their enmity by persecuting those who proclaimed it, such as did ‘ receive it in the love of it,’ evinced their affection and gratitude to those who published it by making them welcome to their habitations and entertaining them in the best manner they could. For these self-denying labours and sacrifices of these early Methodist preachers, thousands of immortal beings in Canada will doubtless praise God in that day when He shall come to make up His jewels.”\*

These statements of Dr. Bangs were, in great part, the result of his own personal observation and experience, as will appear hereafter when we give some account of his labours in Canada—he being the first Canadian preacher converted and employed as an itinerant for seven years in Canada, from 1801 to 1808. But contemporaneous with the labours of Dr. Bangs, and extending half a century beyond them, were those of the venerable William Case, “ Father of Indian Missions in Canada.” Mr. Case says : “ In June, 1805, I was admitted as an itinerant preacher in the New York Conference, then in session at Ashgrove ; and having *volunteered* for Canada, I was appointed, with Henry Ryan, to the Bay of Quinte Circuit.” (Jubilee Sermon, p. 54.) “ In 1806, I lost my health by hard toils in the swamps of Canada, and for three months my strength was wasting away by fever and ague. I now thought I should receive an appointment suited to my feeble state ; but, contrary to my expectations, my appointment was to the mountains of Ulster Circuit (N.Y. State). I felt it as

\* History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. II., pp. 124, 125.



a disappointment, and thought I could never ascend those lofty mountains, nor endure the toils of a circuit three hundred and thirty miles round. But submitting all to God, I went forward ; and I have reason to believe that it was the very circuit the best suited to my febrile state ; for such was the purity of the water and salubrity of the atmosphere, that I immediately began to recover. My health was again established ; so that at the next Conference I again offered myself for Canada.” \*

In a summary review of his fifty years’ perils, sufferings, and labours in Canada, Mr. Case employs the following expressive and touching words :

“Five times have I been laid low by fevers, bilious and typhus ; and although with no home of my own, I was provided for among strangers, who watched at my bedside for weeks together, faithfully administering to my recovery. The Lord reward them in ‘that day !’ Sometimes in those afflictions, but more afterwards, I found they ‘yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness ;’ and then how sweetly could I sing—

‘Oft from the margin of the grave,  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;  
Sudden, I found Thee near to save :  
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.’

“In my labours it has been my lot to be much on the waters. Once I was shipwrecked on Lake Ontario ; five times have I been through the ice with my horse on bays, rivers, and lakes of Canada. Through all these dangers the Lord in His providence delivered me, and then I have sung with delight :

\* Jubilee Sermon, pp. 57, 58.

Mr. Case gives the following graphic account of the manner of his entrance into Canada, after the acceptance of his second offer of himself for the Canadian wilderness work :

“In 1808, on my arrival at Black-Rock, the *embargo* prohibited the transport of property across the line. At first I was perplexed, and knew not what to do. So I went to the hay-loft and fell on my face in prayer. I asked the Lord, as I was engaged in *His* work, to open my way to fulfil my mission to Canada. Having committed all to God, I returned to my lodgings at the inn, when a stranger smilingly said, ‘I should not wonder if the Missionary should jump into the boat, take his horse by the bridle, and *let him swim round the embargo*,’ and I did so ; my horse swam the Niagara ; and I landed safely in Canada.”—*Ib.*, pp. 58, 59.

'Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
 And given me back at Thy command:  
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,—  
 Safe in the hollow of Thy hand.'

"The Christian minister in any perplexity has abundant sources for relief; as that of the Church, his experience, the Bible, and his God. If the first fail, he is sure of relief from the last. 'In all thy ways acknowledge God, and He shall direct thy paths.'" Prov. iii. 6.\*

I should not omit to notice here the brief visit to Canada of the apostolic Asbury, in 1811 though reduced by extreme bodily fatigue and suffering [inflammatory rheumatism in his right foot and leg]. "He had," says Mr. Case, "until this period, appointed the first and only missionaries to this country, and had long and ardently desired to visit the people for whom he had taken so deep an interest, and where the work of the Lord had been so great and so extended. In his way from the New England

\* Jubilee Sermon, pp. 56, 57.

In his concluding appeal to parents—especially to mothers—Mr. Case exclaims, as follows, and states a most affecting incident:

"Mothers! devote your sons from their birth to the service of God and His Church! As an encouragement, remember *Hannah* and her Samuel. Already two hundred young men have been converted in Canada, and engaged in the ministry! Hundreds more will be wanted as the harvest-fields are enlarged!

"Who has not heard of the piety of the venerated Mrs. Wesley;—of the faith of 'Mother Kent,' of New England;—of 'Mother Covel,' of the Catskill Mountains;—of 'Mother Ryerson,' of Canada; and of many other 'mothers in Israel' and of their sons in the ministry? In 1807, I came to my appointment in a small log-cottage, in a gorge of the mountains in the Ulster Circuit, where I met two itinerant ministers, *twin-sons* of a pious mother. After the sermon by one of them I met the 'class,' when I congratulated the mother on having two sons in the ministry. The reference was sufficient—it kindled anew the ardent flame in her heart, and she broke out in expressions like these: 'Yes, glory to God, I know how they became ministers! On my conversion to God my soul was so blest, and I felt such a love for my Saviour, and for the souls He had redeemed, by His blood, that I wanted to tell it to the whole world. I went to the cradle where my boys were asleep; and, kneeling down over them, I wept and prayed, and devoted them to the service of God and the ministry of the Church. Now here they are, ministers of the Gospel. Glory to God; glory be to God in the highest.' This was 'Mother Covel.'"—*Ib.*, pp. 61, 62.

Conference, he crossed the Green Mountains, Lake Champlain, the swamps of the Chateauguay woods to St. Regis ; then across the St. Lawrence to Cornwall.\* The first place on this shore at which he stopped was at the venerable and pious Evan Royce's, in one of the oldest Methodist societies in the Province. Thence he proceeded along the banks of the St. Lawrence, preaching at sundry places; in some of which he found members from Europe, and from the first societies in the city of New York. After preaching in Kingston, and one or two places adjacent, he crossed from Kingston to Sackett's Harbour, on his way to the Genesee Conference in Paris. From Bishop Asbury's Journal we learn his feelings and views of Canada. He says: "Our ride has brought us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen: the timber of noble growth; the cattle well-looking; crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. To the people my soul is much united."†

\* The Rev. Henry Boehm, sixty-four years in the ministry, and Bishop Asbury's travelling companion for several years, and who died recently at the age of upwards of 100 years, gives the following description of Bishop Asbury in crossing the St. Lawrence at St. Regis:

"On entering the village of St. Regis, as Mr. Asbury was leading his horse across a bridge made of poles, the animal got his feet between them and sunk into mud and water. Away went the saddle-bags; the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under the horse to pry him out; at the same time the horse made a leap and came out safe and sound.

"We crossed the St. Lawrence in romantic style. We had four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together, and put our horses into them, their fore feet in one canoe, their hind feet in another. It was a singular load; three canoes, three passengers (the Bishop, Bela Smith [the Canadian preacher], and myself), three horses, and four Indians. They were to take us over for three dollars. It was nearly three miles across to where we landed. It was late in the afternoon when we started, and we were a long time crossing, for some part was rough, especially the rapids; so we did not reach the other side till late in the evening. Then the Indians claimed an additional dollar. They said, 'Four men, four dollar,' intimating that three dollars could not be so easily divided among four. We cheerfully paid the additional dollar, and were full of gratitude for our crossing in safety."

† Jubilee Sermon, p. 46. Of Asbury it is said—"His labours in the New World were, if possible, greater than those of Wesley in the Old; he travelled more miles a year and preached as often. On becoming Bishop of the Church in 1784, he seemed to become ubiquitous throughout the continent. The history of Christianity since the apostolic age, affords not a more perfect example of ministerial and episcopal devotion than was



We now turn to Dr. Bangs, whose statements on the condition of the country and the labours of the preachers we quoted, page 124, at the beginning of the century, remarking that his statements were, in great part, the result of his own personal observation and experience. Dr. Bangs came to Canada in 1799 as a surveyor, but for want of constant employment in his profession he taught school. In 1800 he was awakened and converted through the instrumentality of the Revs. James Coleman and Joseph Sawyer, in the neighbourhood of St. David's, near Queenston, and commenced in 1801 as an itinerant preacher under the direction of the presiding elder of the district, Joseph Jewell. He was therefore a *Canadian* preacher; and he spent the first seven years of his laborious ministerial life in Canada, after which he entered the work in the United States, where, his biographer says, he was "destined to do more important services to the Church than any other man recorded in its history, save Asbury."\*

We will give some illustrations of Dr. Bangs' own personal labours, perils, and sufferings during his seven years' ministry in Canada, from 1801 to 1808, extracted from his *Life and Times* by

presented in this great man's life. He preached almost daily for more than half a century. During most of the time he travelled over the continent, with hardly an intermission, from north to south and from east to west, directing the growing hosts of his denomination with the skill and authority of a great captain. He was ordained Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when thirty-nine years of age, at its organization in 1784, when it comprised less than fifteen thousand members and about eighty preachers; and he fell, in 1816, in his seventy-first year, at the head of an army of more than two hundred and eleven thousand members and more than seven hundred itinerant preachers. It has been estimated that in the forty-five years of his American ministry, he preached about sixteen thousand five hundred sermons, or at least one a day, and travelled about two hundred and seventy thousand miles, or six thousand miles a year; that he presided in two hundred and twenty-four Annual Conferences, and ordained more than four hundred preachers." "Notwithstanding his advanced age and shattered health, he continued his travels to the last, till he had to be aided up the pulpit steps, and to sit while preaching. On the 24th of March, 1816, when unable either to walk or stand, he preached his last sermon at Richmond, Va., and on the 31st of March died at Spottsylvania, Va. With Wesley, Whitfield and Coke, he ranks as one of the greatest representative men of the Methodist movement."—Stevens' Centenary of American Methodism, pp. 93, 94.

\* Stevens' History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. II., p. 345.

Dr. Stevens, who thus describes the scenes of Dr. Bangs' first three years' (1801, 1802, 1803) labours in Canada :

"His first travels on the Niagara Circuit had extended from the Niagara River westward to beyond Oxford—more than half the distance between Lakes Ontario and Huron—a region then but sparsely settled. They deviated also southward to Long Point, which reaches into Lake Erie, and eastward to Little York, or Toronto, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario. His second Circuit, called the Bay of Quinte, was an immense range on the north-east of Lake Ontario. He had thus gone over most of the region immediately north of the two great lakes, or rather inland seas, of Ontario and Erie. We have witnessed the severity of his trials in these new countries; he had endured them 'as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus,' and he would have appeared justified had he, in retracing his steps to his paternal home, and to the Conference in New York city, asked for an appointment nearer his kindred, and in a more genial climate, especially as he went to the Conference almost wrecked in health. But he went hither for the express purpose of soliciting permission to throw himself into a still more westward and more desolate region in Upper Canada—a region noted, at the time, for pestilential disease and religious destitution—the then recent settlement on the River Thames, a stream which enters the St. Clair, opposite Detroit, beyond the north-western shore of Lake Erie.

"While he was struggling and triumphing through the first year of his itinerancy (in the Niagara and Long Point country), he received a letter at Oxford, from a German Baptist [Mr. Messmore, father of the late Rev. Joseph Messmore], who lived on the River Thames, about sixty miles from Detroit, urging him to come over and proclaim his message in that country, then almost totally without religious provision. He knew nothing of the writer, but the call seemed like that of the Macedonian vision to Paul, and it followed him continually. He repeatedly offered his services for this new field to his presiding elder; but the latter deemed the wants of the nearer fields too urgent, and his health too feeble, to justify the mission. For his second year he was sent in the opposite direction, to the Bay of Quinte Circuit; but while he there lay, languishing as we have seen, with fever, and his brethren gathering around his bed to see him die, he still saw the beckoning vision in the further west, and, expecting to rise no

more, he actually made his will, bequeathing his horse and watch—all the property he had except his thoroughly-worn raiment—to any preacher who would go to that suffering people. He had prayed for them incessantly in secret, ever since the receipt of the letter which called him to them.

“After his ordination as deacon at the Conference (1803), he requested an interview with Bishop Asbury, and made known to him his conviction of a providential call to this mission [in the western district of Upper Canada]. The keen eye of the veteran leader lighted up as he gazed on the young evangelist. ‘He unhesitatingly replied,’ writes the latter, ‘as if catching the inspiration with which my own heart was kindled, “*You shall go, my son.*”’ The Bishop presented the case before the Conference, and ordained him a presbyter, that he might go with full powers to administer the sacraments.

“‘No sooner,’ he writes, ‘was my way thus opened, than a host of difficulties rallied to prevent my going; suggestions about my youth, my want of health, want of money, the distance—it being, by the route I must go, about six hundred miles—and a thousand other obstacles; but I resolved, by the help of God, to press through them and fulfil my mission. With but fifteen dollars in my pocket I set off, in company with William Anson and Daniel Pickett—the former being appointed to Yonge-street, the latter to Niagara. We entered Canada by way of Kingston, then went up the shore of Lake Ontario, passing through the settlements where I had before laboured; stopping on the way and preaching to the people, until we finally arrived at the head of the lake, on the Niagara Circuit, near the place where I had preached my first sermon. Here I was to part with my travelling companions, and proceed alone. My money was all expended, and I had eighty miles still to travel before I could reach my destined field. New difficulties presented themselves, and I knew not how I could advance any further. I went into the woods, kneeled down, and wept and prayed. Finally the words came forcibly to my mind, ‘The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.’ I arose with renewed courage, saying, ‘I will go in the name of the Lord; for He has the hearts of all men, and He can turn them which way soever He will.’ Before I left these parts, one



friend and another put into my hands money amounting to eleven dollars—enough for my journey.

“Before proceeding further, I visited my sister, with whom I boarded when I experienced religion. She was a pious, humble follower of the Lord Jesus. Having heard that I had died in my severe illness at the Bay of Quinte, and having received word of my recovery only about a week before my arrival, she was no less surprised than delighted to see me. This beloved sister was often a comfort to me in that distant land, and I loved her tenderly. After spending a day or two with her, I resumed my journey. Unexpectedly, a young man offered to accompany me, and we set off together. August 4th and 5th we attended a Quarterly Meeting at Oxford, where I was refreshed amongst my old friends, the first-fruits of my ministry, with whom I now took sweet counsel about the labours and trials before me. Departing with their prayers, we journeyed about thirty miles to Delaware town, where I preached and lodged in the last house of the settlement. My bed was a bundle of straw; my supper, ‘mush and milk.’

“August 10th we rose at break of day, took a little food, and started for a ride through the wilderness [Long Woods], forty miles long, with no roads, and only ‘blazed’ or marked trees to guide us. There being not even a beaten path, we were often at a loss to know whether we were right or wrong; but we got safely through at last. The flies and mosquitoes were so troublesome that our horses could not stand to eat, though we stopped in a shady meadow for that purpose; we therefore rode through the woods without any other refreshment for them than what they nibbled as we passed along. As for ourselves, we had a little Indian bread and dried beef in our pockets, of which we partook; but the water we occasionally met looked so black that we dare not drink it. Our horses seemed as eager as ourselves to get through; for whenever practicable, they would trot on with all their speed.

“We arrived about sunset, weary, hungry, and thirsty, at a small log-hut inhabited by a Frenchman. My tired horse lay down as soon as the saddle and bridle were taken off. I asked the woman of the cabin if she could give me a drink of tea, but she had none. Being almost famished, I requested the woman to procure us some water, which we sipped a little at a time, as if it were nectar; we then ate some Indian pudding and milk, the best food

we could obtain. After praying with the family, we lay down on a bundle of straw, slept sweetly, and rose in the morning much refreshed and invigorated in body and mind. The poor woman was so kind as to send early to a distant neighbour, to beg some tea for us; but she had neither tea-kettle, tea-pot, nor tea-cup; she therefore boiled it in a 'dish-kettle,' and then poured it into a tin-cup, from which we drank it with more relish than ever king drank wine from a golden goblet. I thought it was the most refreshing beverage I had ever drunk. We allowed our horses to rest till about ten o'clock, and then rode above seven miles to the Moravian Mission, a small Indian village on the River Thames. We dined with one of the missionaries, two of whom were stationed here. I had considerable conversation with him respecting their doctrines and usages, as well as their labours among the Indians. He was sociable, and seemed to possess much of the simplicity of the Gospel. These good men had much trouble in their work, from the corrupting influence of the neighbouring white settlers upon the Indians, and it was hoped by them that our labours among the former would help their mission. The missionaries and Indians treated us with great respect, and seemed to rejoice in the prospect of having the Gospel preached to the white settlements on the banks of the river below."

*Dr. Bangs' First Reception on his New Circuit.*—"After this interview with the Moravian missionaries, the itinerant and his companion resumed their route, and early in the afternoon reached the first house in the white settlement. 'Turning my horse,' he says, 'toward the fence before the door, I saw a man in the yard, and after the customary salutations, I said, 'Do you want the Gospel preached here?' After looking at me, with curious earnestness, he replied, 'Yes, that we do: do you preach the Gospel?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Well, then,' said he, 'get down and come in.' I replied, 'I have come a great distance to preach the Gospel in this region; it is now Saturday afternoon; to-morrow being the Sabbath, I must have a place to preach in before I alight from my horse.' He deliberated a few moments, and then said, 'I have a house for you to preach in, victuals and lodging for yourself, and provender for your horse, and you shall be welcome to them all if you will come in.' I remarked, 'I have one more request to make. There is a young man a little behind me,

who has accompanied me through the woods : will you entertain him too ?' ' By all means,' he answered.

" This first interview in my new sphere of labour pleased me much. ' God has made my way very plain thus far,' I said to myself, ' and therefore I will praise Him.'

" This man took his horse and rode through the settlement for ten miles, notifying the people that there would be preaching at his house on Sunday morning, at ten o'clock. At the appointed hour the house was crowded. I commenced the service by remarking, that ' When a stranger appears in these new countries the people are usually curious to know his name, whence he comes, whither he is bound, and what is his errand. I will try to satisfy you in brief. My name is Nathan Bangs. I was born in Connecticut, May 2, 1778. I was born again in this Province, May, 1800. I commenced itinerating as a preacher of the Gospel in the month of September, 1801. On the 18th of June, the present year, I left New York for the purpose of visiting you, of whom I heard about two years ago, and after a long and tedious journey I am here. I am bound for the heavenly city, and my errand among you is to persuade as many of you as I can to go with me. I am a Methodist preacher; and my manner of worship is to stand while singing, kneel while praying, and then I stand while I preach, the people meanwhile sitting. As many of you as see fit to join me in this way can do so, and others may choose their own method.' I then read a chapter in the Bible, after which I gave out a hymn. When the young man who accompanied me stood up to sing, they all rose, men, women, and children. When I kneeled in prayer, they all kneeled down. Such a sight I never witnessed before. I then read my text, ' Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' In explaining and enforcing these words, I felt that my Divine Master was with me in truth and power; every cloud was dispelled from my mind, and my heart overflowed with love for these people. I believe I preached with ' the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.' When I had concluded, I informed them of our manner of preaching, the amount of quarterage we received, and the way in which it was collected. I then said, ' All of you who wish to hear more such preaching, rise up.' They all rose, every man, woman, and child.



I then notified them that in two weeks, God willing, they might expect preaching again, and closed the meeting. Thus was my circuit begun."

"*Salutations.*—' After seating myself, an elderly man approached, and offering his hand with much affection, asked me if I knew Bishop Asbury. I said ' Yes,' and then asked him if he knew Bishop Asbury, to which he replied in the affirmative. He was from the State of New Jersey, had been there a member of our Church, had frequently entertained the preachers, and among others the Bishop; but he had been in this country about seven years, totally destitute of the ordinances of the Gospel, for there was no minister of any order in all this region. I asked him how far he lived from that place. He replied, ' Ten miles, down the river.' I asked, ' Will you allow me to preach in your house?' He joyfully replied in the affirmative. I asked, ' Have you any sons here with you?' ' I have one,' said he. I then said, ' Let him mount his horse, ride immediately home, and notify the people that I will preach at your house at three o'clock this afternoon: you stay and dine with me, and then we will ride on together. He did so, and when we arrived the house and yard were full of people, to whom I preached with lively satisfaction. Among others present, I observed a veteran man with a long beard. At the close of the meeting he was introduced as *Mr. Messmore*, a German Baptist. He was the person who had written to me the letter about two years before, inviting me to come into this neglected country. The next day I preached at his house, about twenty-one miles distant. Thus did God help me, and open my way. I felt that I was in the order of His providence. Such a sweetness of soul I enjoyed, such a liberty and unction in preaching, as plainly indicated that I was under His guidance, and His smile seemed to light up the wilderness before me.

" ' The next day, in company with *Mr. Messmore*, I rode ten miles and preached in the house of an Indian woman, the widow of a French Canadian, who had left her considerable property. She was a good, simple-hearted, earnest creature, and reminded me of the Shunamite, for she prepared for me, in an upper room, a bed, a table, a chair, and a candlestick. In this room I preached, and ate, and slept, and no one was allowed to enter it in my absence, except to keep it in order. She never asked

me to sit at the table with her, deeming herself unworthy, but prepared my food, and put it on the table in my room. She considered herself highly honoured by having the Gospel preached in her house, and she treated me in this way during all my stay in this country. When I parted with her next day after my first visit, in shaking hands she left a dollar in my palm. It was much needed, for I was nearly out of money.

“The next day we travelled, partly through a scattered French settlement and partly through a prairie, fifty miles, to Sandwich, a small village opposite Detroit, where I preached in the evening.”

“From Detroit he went to Fort Malden, and down the shore of Lake Erie, among settlements of Americans, English, Scotch, Irish and Dutch emigrants. He thus completed his circuit. A more destitute region, he says, he had never seen. Young people had arrived at the age of sixteen who had never heard preaching; and he found a Methodist who had lived in the country seven years without hearing a sermon. ‘But,’ he adds, ‘although the people were generally extremely ignorant of spiritual things, and very loose in their morals, they seemed ripe for the Gospel, and received and treated God’s messenger with great attention and kindness. They treated me as an angel of God; and as St. Paul said respecting the Galatians, it seemed as if they would willingly have plucked out their own eyes and given them to me if it could have added to my comfort.’”

In this *Life and Times* of Dr. Bangs, many incidents of thrilling interest are given besides those quoted above—of his successes, his hardships, his perils by water in crossing rivers, his perils in the wilderness. We will add one example of the latter, during his coming from the western to the eastern part of his work, about the middle of November. He says “He paused at the Moravian Mission, and had a day of profitable communion with its labourers. Resuming his route, he reached the last house—a log hut—beyond which his way stretched forty miles through the primeval forest to Delaware town. Providentially he found in this cabin a traveller, bound on the same course. Mounting their horses early in the morning, they entered the woods. There was snow two inches deep on the ground; the streams were high and still open; the mud was often up to the knees of their horses; they frequently had to strip them of saddle and bridle, and drive them over the creeks, and then pass over themselves

on logs. The route was sombre in its winter desolation. Night overtook them on the banks of a stream, and it was impossible to continue their course after dark. They resigned themselves, therefore, to sleep in the woods. They had 'carried with them some food for themselves and their horses, and flint and steel, and an Indian tomahawk for use as they might have need.' 'We constructed,' he says, 'a small wigwam of branches of trees and shrubs. My companion attempted to strike fire for us, but his hands were so stiffened with cold that he failed. I succeeded with the flint, steel and a piece of "punk," and we kindled a roaring flame, heaping on brush and logs. It melted the snow, and soon dried the ground some distance around. We tied our horses to trees, gave them some oats, ate some food ourselves, went to the creek and drank, and then, having prayed, lay down to sleep in our berth, the stars shining brightly above us, and the winds moaning through the solemn woods.' After three hours I awoke, and found my fellow-traveller up and shivering over the fire, which had nearly burned out. 'Come,' said I, 'let us get more fuel and rouse up again.' We did so, and soon were comfortable. We then sat down by it, and spent the remainder of the night in conversation. It was a wild and picturesque scene, and the hours passed agreeably as well as profitably.

"At break of day we mounted our horses and went onward. We arrived at the first house about three o'clock in the afternoon, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted. I had no sooner warmed myself by the fire than I fell asleep. After supper I prayed with the family and went to bed, truly thankful that the Lord had preserved my life and health through all these fatigues and dangers. I slept sweetly that night, and the next morning went on my way to Oxford. The snow had fallen in the night, and was so deep that the travelling was difficult; but my horse, which seemed as glad as myself to get safely through the woods and swamps, trotted on with a brave heart, so that I arrived at Oxford before night, and took 'sweet counsel' with my old friends and spiritual children. I remained there a few days to rest and preach, and then passed on twenty-five miles further to Burford, where I was received as one risen from the dead, for the man who accompanied me through the wilderness had gone on before me, and had magnified my sufferings so much that my friends had



almost given me up for lost. We praised God together for his loving kindness and tender mercies." \*

We have given these lengthened extracts from Dr. Bangs' Life, not merely to illustrate the state of the country and the mode and perils of travelling, and the Christian heroism of the man—the first preacher raised up in Canada—but as a sample of the manner in which the Methodist preachers of that day, and for a quarter of a century afterwards, travelled and toiled and suffered, to preach the Word of Life, and to establish societies and congregations among the early settlers of Canada, from one end of the province to the other, and in its remotest interior settlements. The former part of this paper presents examples of the sacrifices and labours of the preachers during the first decade of the work in Canada; and the majority, if not nine-tenths, of the preachers for thirty years were scarcely exceeded by Dr. Bangs himself in the severity of their privations and sufferings, the activity and hardships of their labours. Autobiographical and other accounts of many of these preachers have been published; we will add an illustration from a paper which has never been published—the Journal of the late Rev. John Ryerson during the first six years of his ministry, before his marriage, from 1820 to 1826—his whole ministry extending over a period of fifty-seven years, in the

\* Stevens' Life and Times of Nathan Bangs, D.D., pp. 131-147. The remaining years of Dr. Bangs' ministry in Canada were spent mostly in Lower Canada, chiefly in Montreal and Quebec, where he encountered great difficulties and hardships.

"He had now," says his biographer, "been about seven years in Canada as a travelling preacher, and 'had visited,' he says, 'every city, town and village, in almost every settlement in it.' It was thought, both by himself and his ministerial advisers, that the time had come for his return to the States. He had done faithfully the work of a missionary evangelist; he had endured his full share of the hardships of the frontier ministry, and had achieved no small success. He had traversed Upper Canada, thundering—a Boanerges—through its forests and along its scattered settlements. He was the founder of Methodism in many of its localities where it has continued to flourish, and where, before his death, it had become the dominant form of religion, and had entrenched itself in commodious—in some instances, in stately chapels. Canadian Methodism must ever recognize Nathan Bangs as among its chief founders, and the flourishing Methodist communities of Quebec and Montreal, as they catch the glimpses of their incipient history from the record of his sufferings and struggles, may well exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'"—Stevens' Life and Times of Nathan Bangs, D.D., pp. 163, 164.

course of which lengthened period he filled, with diligence, ability, and success, the highest positions in the Church of which he was confessedly the ablest legislator.

The writer, as did also the Rev. Dr. Harper, pressed him, in his latter years, to write out his reminiscences of his earlier years and his views on the principal questions of Church agitation, discussion and action during the previous half century, and the origin of the benevolent institutions of the Church. He did so, and in 1877 placed the result in the writer's hands, for his use and disposal. These papers, or extracts from them, may some day see the light. Among the various documents and papers thus placed at the writer's disposal is the Journal referred to, of the first six years of Mr. Ryerson's itinerant labours. Only a few sentences in regard to each year can here be given. Mr. Ryerson says:—

“My itinerant ministry commenced on the Long Point Circuit [his native circuit], which extended from Port Dover to Port Talbot, along the shore of Lake Erie, and some distance into the interior of the second row of townships. We [my colleague and myself] had twenty-five appointments, at each of which we preached every two weeks. These appointments were scattered over ten townships. We always met the class after preaching. This year I received nothing by way of support, except what I ate and drank, and money enough to keep my horse shod. I received no salary or presents, but worked hard—with what success I know not. At the close of the year I was sent by Elder Case to the Ancaster Circuit, during the absence of the preachers at Conference, and was appointed to the same circuit the following year—1821-1822. The Ancaster Circuit extended over the area of country (nine-tenths of which was a wilderness) now embraced in the Hamilton District. We had twenty-eight appointments. On about half the Sabbaths, we preached three times each; on the other half, twice each Sabbath. We always met the class after preaching, and, between us, visited most of the families each time around the circuit. Our plan was, in crossing each other's track, to meet every fortnight, when we talked over all that we had done, and especially the families we had visited. Then he who followed would try and see the families not called upon by his colleague in his previous route.” [Mr. Ryerson then narrates the means employed to obtain subscriptions for building the first old King Street chapel, then near Hamilton; the *giving*

of the land by the late Colonel Land, of the English Church ; the opening of the chapel (then the most commodious in Upper Canada) by Messrs. Case and Ryan ; the absence of any town now called Hamilton, more than half the site of which was then owned by Methodists—the names and property of each given—but one village (that of Ancaster, of fifteen or sixteen houses all told) in that whole region of country. Mr. Ryerson proceeds:] “My support was *sixty-five dollars* ; besides, I lost my horse, and had to buy another, which cost *seventy dollars* ; and although part of that sum was raised by subscriptions on the circuit, yet the balance which had to be provided for took away most of my salary, and left me, at the close of the year, very poor, and quite destitute of suitable clothes.

“At the close of the year I was sent by my Presiding Elder to supply York during the Conference which was held in the State of New York, after which the Rev. F. Reed, stationed minister, remaining some time to visit his relations and friends, I was detained in York for five weeks. When I arrived on the Niagara Circuit, to which I had been appointed at the Conference, the leading members were much dissatisfied at my detention ; but still they did not attach any blame to me.

“I had for my superintendent this year that good man and true, the late Ezra Adams. This was my last year of holding a subordinate position on a circuit or station—ever after being either Superintendent of a circuit or station, or Presiding Elder or Chairman of a District, and consequently a member of the Stationing Committee for more than thirty years ; eight years of which I was co-delegate.

“The Niagara Circuit at that time embraced the whole of the Niagara peninsula east of Hamilton, except the township of Bertie.” [Here follows a description of the state and extent of the country ; the successful measures adopted to build a commodious church in the small village of St. Catharines, aided liberally by the old loyalist officers, who had been colleagues with Mr. Ryerson’s uncle and father as officers in the British army during the American Revolution, and claimed a sort of relationship with him ; revivals of religion in different parts of the circuit, and the accession of members who, with their descendants, have remained faithful and useful for more than half a century. He says :] “I left



the circuit with regret, and the society of my kind Superintendent. I felt as if I were going from home.

"In 1823 I was appointed in charge, or as Superintendent, of the Yonge Street Circuit, with the late Rev. William Slater as my colleague, than whom a more honourable and upright man never lived; we were fellow-labourers two years—the second year on the Bay of Quinte Circuit; and when he died three years afterwards, I mourned for him as a brother indeed.\* The Yonge Street Circuit was more laborious and harder to work than any one I had yet travelled; but my faithful and devoted colleague was a help-mate to me indeed. His never-failing cheerfulness and untiring industry was a source of great comfort and encouragement to me. Our circuit extended from York (including the town) to Lake Simcoe, embracing the series of townships west of Yonge Street to Holland Landing, thence along the shore twelve miles, through woods without a house to North Gwillimbury, thence through Whitchurch, Markham, Pickering, Whitby, and Darlington, as far as Major Wilmot's, some miles east of where Bowmanville now stands. Major Wilmot fitted up a large room in his tannery for our services; for though neither he nor Mrs. Wilmot were members of our Church, yet were they very friendly, and treated me with the kindness of parents.

"In those days an unmarried preacher had no home except that of the Indian who, in reply to the question as to where was his home, said, 'I live, and my home is all along shore.' This 'all-along shore' home was my lot during the first six years of my ministry, in single life. Yet I usually had some place on

\* The year of Mr. Slater's death, he was the senior colleague and Superintendent of the writer of these papers, on the Ancaster Circuit, 1828-1829; he died about the middle of the circuit year—illustrating the last text on which he preached, Psalm xxxvii. 37, a few days before his death—by cold and congestion of the lungs. The duty of preaching his funeral sermon, and taking charge of the circuit the rest of the year, devolved on his junior colleague—a circuit extending at that time from Stoney Creek and the township of Binbrook on the east, Glanford and through the Grand River Swamp to within five miles of Brantford on the south and west—then to Jersey settlements, Copetown, Waterdown, including the villages of Ancaster, Hamilton and Dundas—thence down Dundas Street to Nelson, thence ten miles north, and through a mountainous wilderness to where the town of Milton now stands—thence south, embracing Dundas Street and all south (including Oakville) up the shore of Lake Ontario, to Stoney Creek, the place of beginning.

the Circuit where I left my few clothes, books, etc., and which I designated by the endearing name of home. On the Yonge Street Circuit, this was the house of Mr. William P. Patrick, with whom and his friendly and pious wife, and most amiable family, I passed many pleasant and happy hours. Mr. Patrick was a most devoted and generous man—a scientific and beautiful singer, whose sweetness of voice and melody thrilled through my whole being when I have heard him sing ‘Rock of Ages,’ ‘Lo! He comes with clouds descending,’ and on New Year, ‘Come let us anew,’ etc. [Mr. Ryerson describes at some length the devout habits and kindness of Mr. Patrick and his lovely household; his perils, escapes, etc., in travelling around the Circuit. He says:]

“At our first Canada Conference held at Hallowell (Picton), 1824, I was appointed to the Bay of Quinte Circuit, embracing the town of Kingston, as well as the whole of the Bay of Quinte country, north of the Bay, to the head of it. This Bay of Quinte Circuit was the most extensive and laborious of any on which I had travelled, and many circumstances connected with its state at that time added greatly to the onerousness and painfulness of the work.” [At the Conference of 1823, delegates were elected to the American General Conference, and, for the first time, Mr. Ryan was not elected, but Mr. Wyatt Chamberlain, who was travelling the Bay of Quinte Circuit, was elected to the General Conference instead of Mr. Ryan. He, to punish Mr. Chamberlain for his temerity, sought to injure him as much as possible on his circuit—sent a belligerent local preacher to beard and oppose him at his appointments—resulting in dividing most of the congregations, loss of the class-papers and scattering of the classes. Mr. Ryan himself disturbed the troubled waters still more by professing to forbid Mr. Chamberlain from preaching, and seeking to get himself elected to the General Conference by a convention of local preachers and laymen. Such was the state of things on the Bay of Quinte Circuit when Messrs. Ryerson and Slater were appointed to its oversight and management in 1824. Mr. Ryerson says:]

“At each appointment there were more or less friends of both parties, the consequence of which was that the whole Circuit was thrown into a state of confusion, and torn to pieces from one end

to the other. I arrived there about two weeks before my colleague. Mr. Case, my Presiding Elder, informed me at Hallowell that a good deal of uneasiness existed on the Circuit, but what he said did not convey to me the idea of a tithe of the sad state of things there; he, however, urged me to go on the Circuit as soon as possible. So I did not return,—I cannot say to my home, for I had none,—but I did not return to my late Circuit to get my few books and clothes, which were sent to me. Immediately after the Conference closed, I crossed the bay to Adolphustown, preached at two places, and met the classes, if classes they could be called; for there was not an organized class on the Circuit; not a class-paper (we had no printed class-books in those days) to be found; so we had no means from any Church record of ascertaining the membership. By whom, or for what purpose, the class-papers and Church records were destroyed or taken away, I could never find out. The party strife and heart-burnings were dreadful and painful in the extreme. The different parties asked, and sometimes tried to get us preachers on their side; but this we studiously avoided, and especially where the differences had degenerated into personal feeling and family strifes. This was the case in many instances.

“Mr. Slater and I had the misfortune of being young men; it was with both of us the fifth year of our ministry, and neither of us had been ordained Elder, though we had been ordained Deacons. This authorised us to baptize and assist in administering the Lord’s Supper, but not to consecrate the elements. This impediment was very embarrassing to us, as the Circuit was very large, and Mr. Case was able to visit us only four times during the year; and part of the Quarterly Meetings were held in Kingston, where few of the country members were able to go. But in our extra quarterly meetings and sacramental services, we were greatly aided by the assistance of old Mr. Dunham, who with Mr. Losee were, under God, the founders of Methodism in the Bay of Quinte country. The good old, but rather eccentric man and able minister, was always ready to help us in time of need; although he sometimes declined preaching for me, which I always requested, much preferring to hear him than to preach myself. We young men of that day did not think ourselves wiser and more clever than our fathers.

“I have said that our youthfulness in the ministry seemed to



make much against us. There were many members in this oldest Circuit in the province who were Methodists before I was born; and they seemed to think it strange that one so young in the ministry should be appointed to superintend a Circuit so old, in such perilous and difficult circumstances. Indeed I thought the same myself; and the oppositions, mistrusts, etc., quite overwhelmed me, and often deprived me of both appetite and sleep. 'Wearisome and painful days and sleepless nights were appointed unto me.' My flesh seemed to run off me like water, and I became little else than a walking skeleton; so that at the close of the year, when I came to the Fifty Conference [near Grimsby], my old friends said that by my appearance they would not have known me; but still my identity and soul were there, whatever had become of most of my poor body.

"We had thirty-one appointments; and I went twelve times around the Circuit—once every four weeks—preaching and meeting the scattered remains of classes at each appointment. Mr. Slater and I, at the close of each public service, had requested the members of the society to remain for class-meeting, and accordingly met those who did so; but having no class record, we knew not who were really members from those who were not. Towards the close of our second tour around the Circuit, we commenced in each class-meeting the inquiry of each person as to his or her membership, and took down the names of all who declared themselves members of the Church; we got the names also of such as had been *Leaders*, and who desired to remain with us. From these minutes, we prepared class-papers for all the classes. The entire membership of the Church on the Circuit, as thus ascertained, amounted to more than four hundred. During the last half of the year, prospects began to brighten; interesting revivals took place at several appointments, and a number joined the Church. The following year there was a wonderful revival, not only throughout the Circuit, but it spread over a great extent of the surrounding country, in the progress of which hundreds professed to be saved, and the fruits of which remain to this day.

"About the month of April, a number of the members of the Church in what was called, and I believe is still called, the Switzer neighbourhood, requested me to meet them to consult about building a meeting-house; the result of which was the

erection of what was called the Switzer Meeting-house or Church. This commodious place of worship was not completed and opened until after I left the Circuit; but subsequently, during my four years' Presiding Eldership in the Bay of Quinte District, I held many quarterly meetings and preached many sermons in this house, and with me scores and hundreds experienced times of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. How many times did I hear our old and well-trying friends, the Shorys, Switzers, Millars, Empies, and others, in the Love-feasts, speak in glowing and moving terms of their unity, happiness, and prosperity, compared with the dark and desponding times of bygone days.

"During this year I travelled on horseback two thousand four hundred miles, preached three hundred and fifty sermons, and met about half as many classes; received for my support as salary one hundred dollars, and no more; no presents—no, not a dollar. Then I was allowed my travelling expenses, which, however, did not exceed five or six dollars.

"At the Fifty Mile Creek Conference (1825), where I was ordained Elder by Bishop Hedding, I was appointed to the Perth Circuit [County of Lanark], and the Rev. S. Belton as missionary to the Mississippi, with the understanding that we should interchange our labours, which we arranged to do.

"A number of the leading friends on the Niagara Circuit petitioned for me to be appointed to that Circuit; but Mr. Case was unyielding, and insisted upon my going to the Perth Circuit. He spoke to me on the subject; I told him that I had nothing whatever to do with the request for my appointment to the Niagara Circuit, and was content to go where the Stationing Committee, or Conference, or Bishop, as the case might be, should see fit to send me.

"Mr. Belton and I, about the 25th of September, started on horseback for our field of labour, and after a hard eight days' ride of three hundred miles, we arrived at our place of toil for the year, much fatigued, and not a little cast down on witnessing the state at least of temporal things at Perth. We had much difficulty in finding places for our horses, and scarcely less difficulty in obtaining lodgings for ourselves. Indeed, the Methodists then in Perth were few in number and very poor. I stopped at Doctor O'Hare's; he and his wife left their own bed and made

what they called a 'shake-down' on the floor, in order to provide a bed for me, which, however, was dreadfully poor and very uncomfortable. This very gloomy introduction rather put our faith to the test; yet we could say,

'Come what will, come what may,  
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.'

"Mr. Belton first visited what was called the Mission, although I do not know how any part of our field of labour could be called anything else than a mission, considering the newness and roughness of the country and poverty of the people. We, however, broke up a good deal of new ground and formed several small societies; we went up the Mississippi river, into the township of Dummer (I think that was its name), to visit a Scotch settlement, and preached in a little log school-house, in which a school was taught by a little rough-looking young man, or lad, by the name of Wilson, whose father, with a large family, lived in the neighbourhood. This young Wilson afterwards studied law, and became the Honourable Judge John Wilson, who lived and died a few years since in the city of London, Upper Canada. We lodged in old Mr. Wilson's house, which contained one large room used by him and his family for kitchen, dining-room, and dormitory. Fixtures for beds were fastened against the walls on different sides around, and in front of some of them were curtains suspended. The family was very intelligent and very kind, and to their utmost ability they provided for our comfort. They were Presbyterians.

"We went down the Mississippi to Packenham, and then twelve miles further down to the mouth of the river, where its waters empty into the Ottawa river. At Packenham there was a lumbering establishment, and a number of lumbermen at work. I preached in their shanty, and laid down in it as one of the lumbermen, sleeping on a 'shake-down' of straw. This place, I am told, is now a nice little town, with a neat Methodist church, and several other places of worship belonging to different religious persuasions." [After describing several narrow escapes in traversing swamps and creeks, and much suffering in travelling this Circuit, he says:] "This year, though one of hard work and much peril, was one of considerable prosperity; there were a good many professed conversions, and additions made to the Church, among whom were many Roman Catholics.



"After the close of this year, on the 8th of August, 1826, I was married to Miss Mary Lewis, of Saltfleet; so it will be fifty-one years the 8th of August this year, 1877, that we have lived together in married life. Of our mercies, labours, toils, sufferings during this long period, I cannot begin to say anything.

"During the six years of my single or unmarried life, everything I received, quarterage or salary, except travelling expenses—which were, however, a mere trifle—amounted to four hundred and forty dollars, and not ten dollars of everything in the way of presents. And during the many years of my ministry as a married man—with the exception of a house—my annual salary never exceeded five hundred and fifty dollars, and during most of the time, it was very short of that sum; besides (with the exception of some rough furniture in Kingston and Quebec), we always furnished our own house. Under the terms 'Quarterage,' or 'Salary,' were included table expenses, fuel, etc."

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## THE STONY HEART.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI,

AM I a stone, and not a sheep,  
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,  
To number, drop by drop, Thy blood's slow loss,  
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved,  
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;  
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly;  
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the sun and moon,  
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,  
A horror of great darkness at broad noon,—  
I, only I!

Yet give not o'er,  
But seek Thy sheep, true shepherd of the flock;  
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more,  
And smite a rock!

## GREAT REFORMERS.

*SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR OF FLORENCE.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## II.

THE great object of Savonarola's life was the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the earth, and the bringing into conformity thereto of all the institutions of this world. He began with his own convent of San Marco, putting away all luxuries of food, clothing, costly ecclesiastical furniture, and vestments. He enforced secular diligence among the monks, and assigned to the more gifted regular preaching duties. Hebrew, Greek, and the Oriental languages were sedulously taught, and San Marco became a famous school of the prophets and propaganda of the Christian faith in foreign parts. Yet the prior's rule was not stern, but kindly and gentle. He carefully cultivated the hearts and intellect of the youthful novices, and sought the inspiration and refreshment of their company. With a true philosophy he used to say, "If you wish me to preach well, allow me time to talk to my young people, for God often speaks by these innocent youths, as by pure vessels full of the Holy Ghost."

Numbers of young enthusiasts sought to become the disciples of this ruler of men. But the wise prior strongly discouraged the rash assumption of irrevocable vows. A gilded youth of the aristocracy of Florence was induced to hear the great preacher. At first he listened with scarce concealed contempt. But the spell of that mighty eloquence seized his heart, and he was soon at the convent gate begging admission to its cloistered solitude. Savonarola bade him prove the strength of his convictions by a Christian life amid the temptations of the world. He endured the trial, and again sought the privilege of becoming a monk. The prior sent him back to nurse the sick and bury the dead. A month later he was permitted to assume the cowl and enter what was, in fact, the Christian ministry of the day. Fra Benedetto—such was his conventual name—in his memorials of his master, has recorded the loving care with which Savonarola, after sending him back to the conflicts of life, never lost sight

of him ; but often invited him to his cell for solemn conversation on the duties and rewards of a religious life.

The moral reformation of the people was the great object of Savonarola's preaching and prayer. And seldom, if ever, has such a general reformation ensued. His latest biographer thus records the result : "The whole city was stirred to its depths. What may be called a revival of religious interest swept through all classes, and an almost universal desire was manifested for a reformation of life. The churches were filled with devout worshippers. The spirit of prayer entered families. Women exchanged a richly adorned and often loose mode of dress for one of modest simplicity. The young men, instead of flaunting their folly before the eyes of the citizens, now gave themselves up to religious and benevolent works. Artisans, and others of their rank, might be seen reading the Bible or some religious work during the interval allowed for the midday meal. Men in business were found making restitution, even to large amounts, for gains which they had unjustly gotten. Gaming houses and drinking saloons were deserted. Theatres and masquerades were closed. Impure books and pictures in vast numbers were publicly burned. Evil practices and sports were discontinued. Crime was diminished. Luxury was at an end. Obscenity was banished. 'Wonderful thing,' exclaims an Italian writer, 'that in a moment such a change of customs should take place.'"

A pernicious carnival custom of long standing was an obstacle to the completeness of this reform. The youths of the city had been wont, in masquerade costumes, to levy contributions on the citizens to be spent in convivial excesses around great bonfires in the public squares. Savonarola sought to turn this enthusiasm into a pious channel. He organized the youths into companies, and, dressed in symbolic white and crowned with laurel, they sang soft Tuscan hymns and begged alms, not for themselves but for the poor.

A new sort of bonfire, too, was substituted for those of previous carnivals—a "bonfire of vanities." In this theocratic community there was no longer need for the masks and masquerades of folly and the implements of gaming and wickedness. Troops of white-robed and impulsive young inquisitors, therefore, went from house to house asking for "vanities," whose proper place was the fire ; and stopping the gaily bedizened holiday



makers in the street and exhorting them, for their souls' health, to make a burnt sacrifice of the "anathema"—the unseemly fineries upon their persons.

The minute annals of the time record many a serio-comic scene as these mischief-loving young Florentines sought out the abodes of some forlorn spinster or ancient dandy, and brought to light the dyes and perfumes and rouge pots, the wigs and masks and frippery with which they in vain attempted to conceal the ravages of age. The artist's studio gave up every picture that could raise a blush upon the cheek of innocence, and the vice-suggesting writings of Ovid, Boccaccio, and Pulci were heaped upon the growing pile. The heart of the city seemed moved by a common impulse to this moral purgation, as when at Ephesus, under the preaching of Paul fourteen centuries before, "many of them which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."

In the great Piazza della Signoria, a pyramid of "vanities" was collected, sixty feet high and eighty yards in circuit. After morning communion, a vast procession wound from the Duomo to the Piazza. The white-robed children lined the square, and their pure clear voices chanted the "lauds" and carols written for the day. Then the torch was applied; the flames leaped and writhed and revelled amid the things of folly and shame; and the trumpets blared, and the clangorous bells filled the air with peals of triumph and joy. "Florence," says a historian of the event, "was like a city burning its idols, and with solemn ceremony vowing fidelity in all the future to the worship of the one true God. One more offering up of 'vanities' by fire took place in the following year. Then followed a burning of a different sort on the same spot, in which the person of Savonarola furnished food for the flame and excitement for the populace; which burning ended the grand Florentine drama of the fifteenth century."

Already the clouds were gathering which were to shroud in a dire eclipse of woe the glories of that auspicious day. There were many in the once gay and luxurious Florence who were not in harmony with the high moral tone to which society was keyed. There were also secret agents and friends of the fugitive Medici. These combined against the *Frateschi*, or followers of Savonarola,

and chief supporters of the Republic. A conspiracy for the restoration of Piero was detected. Five of its leaders were tried and found guilty, and suffered the inevitable penalty, in that age, of high treason. Savonarola was averse to their execution, would have preferred their exile, but was overruled by what were deemed necessities of State.

Under the civil disturbances, trade languished and idleness and poverty prevailed. Then famine and pestilence followed—the mysterious and awful plague of the middle ages—and the sick, the dying and the dead were in every street and square. Savonarola remained at his post, although the plague entered the monastery, and was the chief source of succour to the terror-stricken community.

But the chief enemy of the intrepid friar was that “Nero of the Papacy,” the infamous Borgia, Alexander VI. The Pope sent first a flattering invitation to “his much-beloved son, the most zealous of all the labourers in the Lord’s vineyard,” inviting him to Rome, in order to deprive Florence of his wise counsels. Savonarola respectfully declined the invitation, urging his broken health and the need of his services to the new Government. Then the tiger claws which stroked so smoothly in their silken sheath were shown; and “Gerolamo Savonarola, a teacher of heretical doctrine,” was summoned under heavy penalties to the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. The prior of San Marco refused to leave his post; when the enraged Pope, dreading the power of his eloquence, prohibited his preaching.

For a time Savonarola yielded obedience, but the sweet constraint of the Gospel compelled him to proclaim its truths. “Without preaching,” he exclaimed, “I cannot live.” His Lenten sermons, as his voice rang once more through the great Duomo, fell with strange power on the hearts of men. Their fame rang through Europe, and even the Sultan of Turkey had them translated, that he might understand the controversy that was shaking Christendom. But through them all there ran an undertone of sadness, and prescience of his impending doom. He felt that he was engaged in a conflict, the only end of which for him was death. “Do you ask me,” he said, “what the end of the war will be? I answer that in general it will be victory, but that, individually, I shall die and be cut in pieces. But that will only give a wider circulation to my doctrine, which is not from me, but from God. I am only an

instrument in His hand, and am resolved, therefore, to fight to the last."

The Pope, thinking every nature as venal as his own, now tried the effects of bribery, and offered the preaching friar a principedom in the Church and a cardinal's hat, if he would only cease from "prophesying." "Come to my sermon to-morrow," said the monk to the ambassador, "and you shall have my answer." In the presence of a vast assembly in the Duomo, Savonarola, with burning words, refused the glittering bribe. "I will have no other crimson hat," he exclaimed, with a foreboding of his coming doom, "than that of martyrdom, crimsoned with my own blood."

When the bold defiance was reported to the Pope, for a moment conscience-stricken at the spectacle of such heroic virtue, he exclaimed, "This must be a true servant of God." But the strong vindictive passions soon awoke again. The terrors of the major excommunication were launched against his victim, and all men were commanded to hold him as one accursed. The Cardinal of Siena, afterward Pope Julius II., sent a secret message to the persecuted friar offering to have the ban removed for the sum of five thousand crowns. "To buy off the Pope's curse," was the defiant answer, "were a greater disgrace than to bear it."

The commission of an awful crime in his family again stung the guilty conscience of the Borgia to a brief remorse. The dead body of his son, the Duke of Gandia, was found floating in the Tiber, pierced with many stabs, and the crime was traced to his brother Cæsar, a cardinal of the Church. The dreadful fratricide smote the world with horror; and Savonarola wrote the wretched Pontiff a letter of pious counsel and condolence. But the tide of worldliness soon overflowed again that sordid nature. The resources of the Church were lavished on the fratricide, and the man of God was persecuted with still more bitter malignity. Savonarola's last Lenten sermons seemed burdened with a foreknowledge of his near-approaching fate. They were more intensely earnest than ever, like the words of a dying man, to whom the awful verities of the unseen were already laid bare. The light of his eye was undimmed, and the eloquent voice still thrilled as of yore the hearts of the multitude who thronged the vast Duomo. But the frail body was wasted almost to emaciation. An inward fire seemed to consume his outward frame. So intense were the emotions excited, that the shorthand reporter of his sermons



narrates that "such was the anguish and weeping that came over him, that he was obliged to stop recording his notes."

The anathema of the Pope, at which conquering monarchs have turned pale, was upon him, but his high courage quailed not. "A wicked, unbelieving Pope," he said, "who has gained his seat by bribery, is *not* Christ's Vicar. His curses are broken swords; he grasps a hilt without a blade. His commands are contrary to Christian life; it is lawful to disobey them—nay, it is *not* lawful to obey them." And turning away from the wrath of man to the righteous tribunal of God, he inly said, like one of old, "Let them curse, but bless Thou."

One of his last public acts was a solemn appeal to Heaven in vindication of his integrity of soul. Taking in his hand the vessel containing the consecrated Host, he thus addressed the listening multitude:

"You remember, my children, I besought you, when I should hold this sacrament in my hand in the face of you all, to pray fervently to the Most High, that if this work of mine does not come from Him, He will send a fire and consume me, that I may vanish into the eternal darkness away from His light, which I have hidden with my falsity. Again I beseech you to make that prayer, and to make it *now*."

Then, with rapt and uplifted countenance, he prayed, in a voice not loud, but distinctly audible in the wide stillness:

"Lord, if I have not wrought sincerity in my soul, if my word cometh not from Thee, smite me in this moment with Thy thunder, and let the fires of Thy wrath consume me."

In the awful silence of that moment he stood motionless, when suddenly a beam of golden light, striking on the pale and furrowed face, lit it up as with a celestial halo. "Behold the answer," said each man in his heart and many with their lips. Then, with the yearning solicitude of a father for his children about to be orphaned, he stretched out his wasted hand, and, in a voice in which tears trembled, pronounced the benediction on the people—"Benedictione perpetua, benedicat vos, Pater Eternus."

But the curse of Rome was a terror to all weaker souls than that of the intrepid martyr. The Pope threatened, unless Savonarola were silenced or imprisoned, to lay the whole city of Florence under an interdict, which should cut it off from all intercourse with the world, and render its merchants and citizens

liable to the confiscation of their goods. That argument conquered. The voice through which God spoke to Europe was soon silenced for ever.

A strange event, however, first took place, one possible only under the high-wrought feelings of the times. This conflict between the great prior and Pope of Rome was felt to be one on which the judgment of heaven might be invoked. A Franciscan friar, therefore, challenged Savonarola, to walk with him through the flames, as an ordeal of the rightness or wrongness of his teachings. Of this challenge the prior took no notice. An enthusiastic disciple, however, Fra Dominico by name, eagerly took up the gauntlet. Indeed many persons of all ranks, including his own sisters and other noble ladies, offered to undergo the ordeal in vindication of their honoured master. Savonarola at first opposed the strange project; but all Florence clamoured for the ordeal, and he at last consented. Perhaps his high-wrought faith believed that God would answer by fire as He did at the prayer of Elijah.

The day appointed for the fiery trial came. All Florence poured into the great square. After early communion, the monks of San Marco walked in procession to the scene of the ordeal, chanting the canticle—“*Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus*—Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered.” But the Franciscan champion remained within the civic palace. He evidently had no intention of undergoing the ordeal himself; but wished to throw the blame of its non-fulfilment on the party of Savonarola. He objected first to the crucifix, then to the cope, then to the gown which Fra Dominico wore. These were in succession laid aside, when still further excuses were made. Then a heavy rain drenched the impatient multitude and rendered the trial impossible. A confused tumult arose. The enemies of Savonarola made a rush to seize his person. His friends rallied around him, and under their protection he returned to San Marco. The object of his foes was, in part at least, secured. His credit with the people seemed to be shaken and his honour and integrity compromised.

Despairing of the reform of the Church by the Pope, Savonarola had written a letter to Charles VIII., urging the convocation of a General Council for that purpose. This letter was intercepted by fraud and sent to the vindictive Borgia, who thereupon launched

new fulminations against his victim. These new terrors influenced the magistrates of Florence to abandon the prior to his impending fate, and at last to become the instruments of his ruin.

The day after the frustrated ordeal was Palm Sunday. For the last time Savonarola addressed in words of cheer and counsel the brethren of San Marco. As they were assembled for evening prayers, sounds of tumult were heard without, and soon a mob of armed men assailed the gates. Some thirty monks barricaded the doors and fought in their long white robes as bravely for their beloved prior as ever Knight Templar for the tomb of Christ. "Let me go and give myself up," he said, seeking to quell the strife. "I am the sole cause of this myself." "Do not abandon us," they cried. "You will be torn to pieces, and then what shall become of us?" Yielding to their entreaties, he summoned them to the choir that they might seek God in prayer.

Meanwhile the frantic mob set fire to the doors, scaled the walls and burst into the choir. The civic guards soon entered and led away, as prisoners, Savonarola and his intrepid friend, Fra Dominico. A brutal mob, made up of the very dregs of the city, clamoured for his blood and wreaked their rage upon their unresisting victim. He was kicked, smitten, spat upon, and bitterly reviled. "This is the true light," cried a low ruffian, as he thrust a flaring torch in his face. Other vile wretches buffeted him with their fists, and jeered, like another mob in the presence of another Victim, "Prophesy who it is that smote thee." But, like the Master whom he served, who, when He was buffeted answered not, the patient confessor endured with meekness the very bitterness of human rage and hate. He was thrust into prison, and was soon brought to trial. On the very day of the ordeal, Charles VIII. died, and all hope of a General Council or of succour for Savonarola was at an end. The Pope and his craven creatures had their victim in their power. "During many days," says the historian of the event, "the prior was subjected to alternate examination and torture. He was drawn up from the ground by ropes knotted round his arms, and then suddenly let down with a jerk, which wrenched all the muscles of his sensitive frame. Fire, too, was at times put under his feet. How often torture was applied to him we have no means of learning. One witness (Violi) declares that he had seen



him, in one day, hoisted by the rope no fewer than fourteen times!"

A venal notary, who afterwards suffered for his crime the remorse of Judas, was bribed to falsify the confessions wrung from the tortured man by the thumb-screw and the rack, so as to find ground for condemnation. But even his enemies have left it on record that, "after much and careful questioning, extending through many days and aided by the torture, they could extort scarcely anything from him." In his lonely cell, in the intervals of his torture, the brave soul turned from the strife of tongues to commune with God. With his mutilated hand he wrote his meditations, which are still extant, on the 31st and 51st Psalms. "I shall place my hope on the Lord," he said, "and before long, I shall be set free from all tribulation."

His doom had long been decreed. Alexander Borgia had declared that Savonarola should be put to death even though he were John the Baptist. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced upon him and on his two devoted friends, Fra Dominico and Fra Salvestro.

On the morning of the 23rd May, 1498, after early communion in the prison, the destined victims walked together to the place of doom in the great square of the ordeal and of the "Bonfire of Vanities." The Pope's commissioner stripped off their gowns and pronounced the last anathema: "I separate you from the Church militant and triumphant." "Militant, not triumphant," replied with a calm, clear voice, the hero soul of Savonarola. "Not triumphant; that is beyond your power." A vast mob surged around the scaffold and the martyr pyre, but he seemed to see them not. With unfaltering step and with a rapt smile upon his pale, worn face, he went to his death. His last words were, like those of his Lord and Master and of the proto-martyr, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." His comrades in life and in death with equal dignity met their fate. They were first hanged till dead and then burned to ashes. As the torch was applied, writes the biographer, "from the storied Piazza, the saddest and most suicidal 'burning' that Florence had ever witnessed sent up its flame and smoke into the bright heaven of that May morning. On this 23rd day of May, 1498, aged forty-five years, the greatest man of his day—great on every

side of him, great as a philosopher, a theologian, a statesman, a reformer of morals and religion, and greatest of all as a true man of God—died in a way which was worthy of him, a martyr to the truth for which he had lived.”

“Lest the city should be polluted by his remains,” says a contemporary, “his ashes were carefully gathered and thrown into the Arno.”

In the narrow cell at San Marco, in which Savonarola wept and watched and prayed, hangs a contemporary painting of this tragic scene, and by its side a portrait of the martyr monk with his keen dark eyes, his eagle visage, his pale cheek, and his patient thought-worn brow. In a case beneath are his vestments, his crucifix, rosary, Bible, and MS. sermons. As we gaze on these relics, thought and emotion overleap the intervening centuries, and we seem brought into living contact with the hero soul, who counted not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

The ungrateful city which exiled or slew her greatest sons, Dante and Savonarola, was overtaken by a swift Nemesis. Soon the Medici returned in power, and long ruled it with an iron hand. When Rome, the proud city of the Seven Hills, “that was eternal named,” was besieged, taken and sacked by a foreign army, the prophetic words of the great prior were remembered. Florence for a time again drove the Medician tyrants from power. Again “the Council elected, and proclaimed Christ the King of Florence, and the famous cry, ‘*Viva Gesu Cristo Nostro Re*,’ was once more the watchword of the city.” But despotism was again installed on the ruins of freedom, “and for long centuries the light of Florence was extinguished.”

In fitting words the latest biographer of the great Reformer thus concludes his fascinating memorials of his life:—

“It seemed like the acting of a piece of historical justice when, nearly four hundred years after the martyrdom of the prior, the late King Victor Immanuel opened the first parliament of a united Italy in the city of Florence, and in the venerable hall of the *Consiglio Maggiore*. The representative assembly, which gathered in the hall of Savonarola’s Great Council, bridged over centuries of darkness and misrule, connecting the aspirations of a hardly-won freedom in the present with those of a distant and glorious past, and secured permanently, let us hope, for the whole

of Italy the precious liberties for which the Monk of San Marco died.

"The day which Savonarola saw afar off from amidst the darkness and trouble of the fifteenth century, and through times of scourging, has now dawned. The seed which was then and afterwards sown, and moistened by so much blood, is now ready for harvest. National unity, constitutional freedom, and religious equality, are things secured. The Pope has been deprived of his temporal power. Romé is the capital of a free and united people, and Italy is fast asserting for itself a prominent place among the nations of Europe."

## FAREWELL TO CANADA.

FAREWELL to fair Canada, distant, still dear,  
And the lakes of Ontario, sparkling and clear ;  
Thrice lovely in fancy St. Lawrence may shine,  
But the Neckar's enchanting, the Rhine is divine.  
Farewell, thou fair Canada, land of the West,  
The proud home of freedom, by nature so blest ;  
Far distant I wander by mountain and sea,  
And the cuckoo and nightingale sing me of thee.

Farewell to thy forests, in autumn so grand,  
The Indian's legacy, nobly they stand ;  
Farewell to the lakes which in majesty roll,  
O, lonely the dirge that they moan to my soul !  
These skies may be bright, but my heart is not here,  
Niagara's roaring still rings in my ear ;  
Yet farewell, I wander by mountain and sea,  
And the cuckoo and nightingale sing me of thee.

Farewell " Akkanata," sweet land of the West ;  
Though the Rhine is divine, thou art dearest and best.  
In the years yet to come thy great honour shall be,  
To rank with proud nations, on land and by sea ;  
Thy wide arms outspreading, the stranger to cheer,  
Shall give him a home without tyrant to fear ;  
And ever, tho' lonely o'er mountain and sea  
I may wander, the cuckoo shall sing me of thee.



## BARBARA HECK.

*A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

## CHAPTER III.—OLD COLONY DAYS.

CAPTAIN WEBB was serving as barrack-master at the quaint old town of Albany, where there was a considerable body of British troops, when he first heard of the little band of Methodists at New York. He sought an early opportunity of aiding, by his presence and influence, the struggling religious community upon which the more aristocratic portion of society looked down with a haughty disdain. In his scarlet coat and sash and gold epaulettes, he often stood behind the little wooden desk that served as a pulpit, and laying his sword across the open pages of the Bible, preached with an energy and an eloquence that soon crowded the house.

So greatly did the congregations increase, that it shortly became necessary to seek a larger room. An old rigging loft in William Street was therefore engaged and roughly fitted up for worship. The naked rafters of the roof still remained uncovered. A somewhat tarry smell clung to the walls, An old ship's figurehead—a "gypsy king" with gilded crown, supposed to represent one of the Eastern Magi—supported the pulpit and formed an excellent reading desk. When Captain Webb stood behind it in full regimentals, he looked not unlike an admiral standing in the bow of his ship, or a warrior riding in a triumphal car. This unwonted state of affairs was the occasion of no small comment in the gossiping old town.

"They do say," said Squire Blake, the rather pompous Custom House officer of the port of New York, to Captain Ireton, a Boston skipper, for whom he was writing out the clearance papers of the good ship "Betsy Jane," bound for Barbadoes—"They do say that an officer of the King's army preaches for those Methody people up there at the Rigging Loft. Well! well! Wonders will never cease. I must go and hear for myself; though I would hardly like to be seen encouraging such schism if it were not that the presence of an officer of Captain Webb's well-known loyalty really makes it quite respectable."

"Well, neighbour," replied the gallant skipper, who had imbibed the democratic notions which were even then floating in the atmosphere of Bunker Hill, "if the thing is not respectable in itself, all the King's horses and all the King's men won't make it so."

"Perhaps not, in the abstract; but for all that it makes a good deal of difference to loyal subjects whether this new-fangled religion is prosecuted by the bailiffs or patronized by gentlemen in the King's livery;" and here the worthy Custom House officer smiled somewhat grimly, as if the skipper's speech were half treason.

"The King may want some more active service than that from his officers before long, if all I hear in the port of Boston is true," replied the skipper, picking up his papers.

"They always were a stiff-necked set of rebels in Massachusetts colony, I will say to your face, even if you do hail from there. I hope this is no new treason they are hatching."

"Oh, I'm not in any of their secrets," said the honest captain; "but you know that these absurd Navigation Laws hamper trade sadly, and there are loud murmurs at all the sea ports about them. I'll venture to say that unless our ships get a better chance to compete for the West Injy trade, there'll be flat rebellion or wholesale smuggling before long."

"Have a care, Skipper Ireton," answered the Tory officer, shaking his head with an air of menace. "The King's troops well know how to deal with the first, and his Customs' officers will do their best to prevent the second."

Notwithstanding these efforts, however, these same officers did not always succeed in their virtuous endeavours. The unjust discrimination in favour of British-built shipping was felt by the colonists to be an intolerable grievance.

The general policy of Great Britain toward her American colonies was one of commercial repression. The Navigation Laws (passed 1651 by the Commonwealth, confirmed by Charles II., 1660) prohibited the exportation from the Crown colonies of certain products, except to Great Britain and in British ships; or the conveyance of any products of Asia, Africa, or America to any port in Great Britain, except in British ships, or in ships of the country of which the goods were the product. American merchants were, therefore, precluded by law from the direct im-

portation of sugar, tea, spices, cotton, and similar foreign products. These were required first to be shipped to Great Britain, and then to be re-shipped to America at greatly increased cost and delay. The colonial traders largely disregarded this prohibition, and grew rich by smuggling, which acquired in time a sort of toleration. With the growth of American commerce, Imperial jealousy was aroused. The colonial vessels were seized and the contraband goods confiscated by British ships or by the officers of His Majesty's Customs. These confiscations sometimes took place with very little ceremony, if not with violence; and it not unfrequently happened that serious riots occurred. The manufacture of certain materials, as wool and iron, was also, in defiance, it was felt, of natural rights, prohibited in the colonies. The oligarchical power of the Crown officials, and the offensive assumptions of the Church established by law, moreover, gave deep offence to the democratic communities of the American colonies.\*

The incidents above mentioned are introduced simply to indicate the general temper of the times. It is not the purpose of this story to recount the political events of the American Revolution, but to trace the development of Methodism in the New World.

The old rigging loft soon became too small to hold the congregation which thronged its meagre space. Many, doubtless, were attracted, like our good friend Squire Blake, at first by curiosity to hear an officer in scarlet coat, with sword and epaulettes, preach from his place behind the carved figurehead. Sometimes, however, they were disappointed by the appearance in the pulpit of the plain and simple Philip Embury, whom any day in the week they might see plying his avocation of carpenter.

"It is bad enough," complained Squire Blake, after one of these occasions, "to see an officer, who is both a scholar and a gentleman, usurping the place of an ordained clergymen in this manner; but to see a mere mechanic stand up to preach to his betters, it is intolerable. It is subversive of all social order. It confuses all distinctions of rank. What's the world coming to, I wonder? It will end in flat rebellion, I see plain enough."

"Well, your worship," remarked John Stubbins, a rather grimy

\* See Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo edition, pp. 273, 274.



looking cordwainer, who was one of the group to whom these remarks were made; "it suits simple folk like us better than the learned talk of Dr. Whiteband down at Old Trinity. I went there t'other Sunday, and it was all about the Manichees and the Apollinarian heresy, that happened a thousand years ago; and a lot of things I never heard of before, an' didn't know anything about after I had heard 'em. Now, Master Embury tells us about our plain every-day duties—that men in my trade mustn't scamp their work nor put in bad leather; and the grocer must give good weight and measure, and not sand his sugar, nor mix peas with his coffee. And we know that he does honest work for fair wage hisself. When he makes a table or a chist of drawers, it's sure to be seasoned stuff and well put together. His preachin' and practice agree, you see, and one helps to clinch the other."

"That sort of talk may do for the lower classes, I suppose," said the squire, taking snuff pompously. "It don't need a Doctor of Divinity to preach like that. I could do it myself if I had a mind to."

"Oh, I dare say," replied the honest cobbler, with a twinkle in his eye and a wink to his neighbours who were standing around—he was of rather a democratic turn of mind and a despiser of dignities, like many of his craft—"I suppose you could if only you had the *mind* to; that's all that's wanting."

The rather thick-witted squire didn't see the point of the somewhat derisive laugh that ran around the circle, as he strutted away, swaggering his gold-headed cane and dusting the snuff off the frills and ruffles of his shirt front. He knew that he was not popular, but he didn't see that he had done or said anything to be laughed at.

The great majority of the worshippers at the humble rigging loft, however, were drawn there by sincere religious feeling. There was an honest heartiness about the simple services that came home to their every-day needs—to every man's business and bosom. The warm-hearted love-feasts and class-meetings, and the hearty singing, were greatly prized by the toil-worn men from workshop or anvil, from dock or loom; and by housewives and mothers, weary with their household cares.

"Ah! but it do seem just like the Methody preachin' and singin' I heard at dear old Gwenap and Penzance, years ago,"

said Mrs. Penwinnen, an honest Cornish woman, to her next-door neighbour. "Many's the time I've heard Mr. Wesley preachin' of an early mornin' at the mine's mouth, afore the men went down, or at eventide, when they came up to grass again."

"Eh, did ye now?" replied good Dame Durbin, as she stood with her door-key in her hand. "I never heard un; but I've often heard honest John Nelson on Barnsley Woald, in old Yorkshire. Ay, an' I've seen un pelted through the town wi' rotten eggs, an' help'd to do it mysen, God forgive me, afore I know'd what a mon o' God he wor. He wor just a common sojer, ye wot, and the parson hissen headed the mob agen him."

Here came up stout Frau Stuyvesant, still wearing the quaint gold headband of her native Holland, who had also been attracted by the hearty Methodist singing of the service.

"Mynheer ist goot prediger," she said, in her broken English. "Men say his preachment ist same as myn countreeman, Arminius of Oudewater, in Utrecht. He speak goot worts."

Like flotsam and jetsam of the sea, these three creatures of diverse nationalities had been blown across the broad Atlantic, and drifted like sea-weed into the quiet eddy of the old rigging loft of William Street, and there had found that rest and food for their souls for which their whole moral nature yearned. And this was but a type of the mission of Methodism in America and throughout the world—to supply the deep soul-needs of humanity of many tribes and in many climes. The miracle of Pentecost was repeated, and by her missionary agencies these strangers and foreigners—Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Slav and Turk, Hindu and Chinese—each has heard in his own mother tongue the wonderful works of God.

The old rigging loft which held the germ of this mighty growth, like a flower-pot in which an oak was planted, became, we have said, too small for such rapid expansion. "It could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative; but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was

adopted by the society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere," says Dr. Stevens, "was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman. Captain Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it, the largest sum, by one-third, given by one person." They appealed to the public for assistance, and the subscription list is still preserved, representing all classes, from the Mayor of the city down to African female servants, designated only by their Christian names.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." "Embury, being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls." "There were at first no stairs or breast-work to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made, and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honoured name."

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. We had the pleasure of worshipping there a few months ago, and saw an engraving of the original structure. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship. Marble tablets on the walls commemorate the names and virtues of Barbara Heck and Embury, and of Asbury and Summerfield, faithful pastors whose memory is still fragrant throughout the continent. This mother-church of American Methodism will long continue to



attract the footsteps of many a devout pilgrim to the birthplace of the Church of his fathers and of his own religious fellowship. He will discern what potency God can give to even a feeble instrumentality; that with Him there is neither great nor small; that He can make one to chase a thousand and two to put ten thousand to flight.\*

Methodism having now been established by lay agency in the largest city in the New World, it was soon destined to be planted by the same means in the waste places of the country. John Wesley, at the solicitation of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, the pioneers of an army of ten thousand Methodist preachers on this continent. To these Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit. His services had been entirely gratuitous, although he had received from his grateful hearers a few generous donations. He had discharged the duties of his office under a sense of grave responsibility, from which he was glad to be relieved by the arrival of authorised and ordained pastors.†

"Sirs," he said, as he welcomed them to the quaint 'Wesley Church,' "I have held this place like the lone outpost of a great army. I rejoice to see the watch care of these people and the duties of this office pass into other and better hands. The Lord give you favour and prosperity, and make this house the birthplace of many souls."

But even his faith did not rise to the conception of the mighty result whereto this small beginning would grow, nor of the honour he should wear throughout all time as the first preacher and founder of American Methodism. "He builded grander than he knew."

\* It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that shortly after Embury had introduced Methodism into New York, another Irish local preacher, Robert Strawbridge by name, was the means of its introduction into the Province of Maryland. Like Embury, he preached first in his own house, and afterwards in a humble "log-meeting-house," the prototype of thousands such which were destined to rise as golden candlesticks amid the moral darkness all over this vast continent. Captain Webb had the distinguished honour of being the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and its zealous propagandist in many other places on the Atlantic seaboard.

† Withrow's *Worthies of Methodism*, pp. 119-122.

For some months he laboured cordially with the new missionary evangelists, frequently occupying the pulpit during their absence on preaching tours. During the following year, 1770, he removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck and other Palatine Methodists, afterwards well known in Canada, to Salem, Washington County, New York. Previous to his leaving his recent spiritual charge, the trustees of Wesley Chapel presented him, in the name of the congregation, the sum of two pounds and five shillings, "for the purchase of a Concordance, as a memento of his pastoral connection with them."

"Brethren," he said, with faltering voice, as he thanked them for the kind donation, "I need no memento to keep your memory green. Ye are in my heart to die and live with you; but the hand of Providence beckons me elsewhere. No more welcome present could you have given me. A Concordance I have long desired to have, that I might the better study the Word of God, and bring forth and compare its hidden treasures. Now that your love has placed it within my reach, I shall prize it for a double reason, and when distant from you I shall still feel united with you by a tender tie, as I study by its help the sacred volume that we so much love. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen!"

Embarking in a small river sloop on the broad bosom of the Hudson, these pioneers of Methodism made their way slowly up that noble stream. Its stately banks, not then as now adorned with elegant villas, were almost in a state of nature. The towering Palisades reared their wall of rock, and the lofty Crownest, and Storm-king, and romantic Catskills were clothed with foliage to the very top. They sailed on past the quaint Dutch town of Albany, and the site of the present city of Troy, then a wilderness. A couple of ox teams conveyed the settlers from the river to their new homes on the fertile meadows of the Pawlet River. This now flourishing and populous part of the country was then a wilderness. But under these new conditions these godly pioneers ceased not to prosecute their providential mission—the founding of Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed grain the virgin soil of their new farms, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the

hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a "class"—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which has since multiplied to two hundred preachers and twenty-five thousand members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours, no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-five. His end was pre-eminently joy and peace. Though suffering much physical pain, his soul rejoiced in God. "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," were his dying words, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. The mustard seed of Methodism which, through God's grace, has been planted in this New World, shall yet grow to be a mighty tree, whose branches shall fill the whole land." He knew not, good man, that seven years of tribulation were to scourge his adopted country, and that he was but taken away from the evil to come. "He was," writes Asbury, who knew him well, "greatly beloved and much lamented." He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of Heaven.'"

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BE still, sad heart, and cease repining ;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all ;  
 Into each life some rain must fall—  
 Some days be dark and dreary.

—*Longfellow.*



## THE NEW HYMN BOOK.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

THE Hymn Book Committee, at successive meetings, separately in the eastern and western sections, and unitedly at Quebec and Cobourg, has fully completed the important work assigned to it by the General Conference, so far as relates to the selection and classification of hymns, old and new.

In former papers on "Methodist Hymnody," on the "Wesleyan Hymn Book" with its new Supplement, and especially "Concerning a Canadian Hymn Book," certain considerations upon this question have been suggested in favour of Conference action. The main purpose of this supplementary article is to indicate the final result of the Committee's work and the character of "the Hymn Book of the Methodist Church of Canada,"—now in course of publication.

In the New Hymn Book, as compared with the "Collection" and Supplement at present used in our churches, there will be the omission of several hymns, and stanzas, and also a number of verbal alterations. For the sake of structural unity, there will be a re-arrangement of the hymns and classification according to the subject. From ancient treasures of song, and from the teeming wealth of modern psalmody, there has been careful selections of new hymns to meet the various demands of Christian worship.

## I. EXCISION AND REVISION.

A list of the hymns marked for excision at Quebec, for the information of the General Conference, has been published, and, doubtless, closely scrutinized. Of the 539 hymns in the "Collection," that part of the book around which gathers the most venerated associations, about *seventy*, for various reasons, have been omitted. In looking back over the list of excised hymns, it is difficult to believe that the action of the Committee could with advantage be reversed. The plea,

"Woodman, spare that tree,"

has been repeatedly and eloquently urged. But in no case has the axe been laid to the root of the tree. It has not been mutilated

by the severance of one living, graceful bough or branch. A few excrescences have been removed—nothing more. The first hymn omitted,

“Let the beasts their breath resign,”

has less adaptation for purposes of congregational worship than two by which it is accompanied, and which exhaustively embody the inspired appeal. The next hymn of that excised list contains a verse that few would desire to retain :

“No longer we join, While sinners invite,  
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight.”

The Crucifixion hymn, in two parts, next in order, has been left out by the conservative Wesleyan Committee of Revision in England. There is a literalness, and detail of tragic scene, unsuited for poetic expression ; and in the latter part, forming the twenty-fifth hymn, there is an unwarranted exaggeration of sentiment :

“Help me to catch Thy precious blood,  
Help me to taste Thy dying love.”

Then follows the stanza :

“Give me to feel Thy agonies,  
One drop of Thy sad cup afford.”

The inappropriateness of the closing lines would alone constitute a sufficient vindication of the course pursued by the Committee :

“My inmost bowels shall resent  
The yearnings of Thy dying love.”

The same kind of objection has been urged as a reason for leaving out the 27th hymn,—on the Saviour’s passion :

“Break this stony heart of mine ;  
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood ;  
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine ;  
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.”

The 48th hymn has also been omitted from the Wesleyan Hymn Book ; and, though the judgment of the Committee has been impugned, there cannot be any propriety in, as sometimes has been done, asking congregations to sing :

“With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.”

The 53rd hymn, "On the death of a Widow," "The soul hath o'er-taken her mate," in the Wesleyan revision has also been replaced by a composition of greater utility. There has been, on the other side of the Atlantic, an occasional complaint that the Hymn Book has "come from the hands of the revisers bereft of familiar and favourite hymns." But whatever value, in a book of devotional poetry, to which properly these compositions belong, might be assigned to them, there were valid reasons for excision from a book of congregational hymnody. Two or three Judgment hymns, 58, 60 and 64, capable of misconstruction, have been replaced by others upon the same subject: equally impressive, and with, perhaps, more accuracy of Scriptural expression. The 90th hymn, a portion of Charles Wesley's paraphrase of a chapter in Isaiah—added after Mr. Wesley's death, of no special worth in its abbreviated form—containing such verses as

"The Rise and End, the First and Last,  
The Alpha and Omega I ;  
Who could, like Me, ordain the past,  
Or who the things to come descry ?  
Foolish is all their strife, and vain,  
To invade the property divine ;  
'Tis mine the work undone to explain,  
To call the future now is mine,"

has been omitted to make room for a more useful hymn. In the next excision, hymn 64, there are elements of sublimity ; but all of special value, in unexceptionable style for purposes of congregational worship, has been brought out in other hymns of the same class. Two others, 94 and 98, speak for themselves ; and there can be little doubt that, in regard to 108, the judgment of the Committee will be fully endorsed :

"Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,  
Fond of created good ;  
Father, our helplessness we own,  
And trembling, taste our food."

The next in order of omission, 111, a fragment of one of Charles Wesley's compositions, extending in its original form to sixty-four stanzas, represents a class of hymns that has failed to vindicate a right to continued place in our Church psalmody. In 126, "Too strong I was to conquer sin," with the verse,



“ Because I now can nothing do,  
Jesus, do all the work alone ;”

and 129, “ Adam descended from above,” with

“ Our Surety, thou alone hast paid  
The debt we to thy Father owed,”

the question of revision, or the alternative, of excision, was judiciously, we think, decided in favour of the latter process. There is in the best of these verses a kind of sentiment and expression that may be found abundantly in many other hymns. To 153, where twice in three stanzas the objectionable expression “bowels” occurs, and to 158, with the line

“ Force me to be saved by grace,”

the same law as in the previous case was legitimately applicable. In hymn 160 there is a coarseness of expression and a mixture of metaphor which warrant expulsion. Another hymn, 195, has been left out because of some exceptionable phraseology ; and because, in abundance, we have Incarnation hymns of a high order. Then follow, in this list of excision, two others, 200 and 212, both of about equal merit, omitted chiefly because of excess in that particular class of hymns. The Atonement hymn, 215, with nearly all hymns of that order which have been omitted, has been left out for a very sufficient reason. It was justly felt by the Committee that upon the stupendous themes of which they treat, there ought to be faultless accuracy of expression. “When Israel out of Egypt came,” 223, has sublimity and force, but its distinctive qualities belong rather to religious poems than to hymns available for sanctuary worship. The plurality of persons in the Godhead, in hymn 256, implicates “Council” mysteries in a form scarcely warranted by Revelation. The poetic merit of hymn 274—

“ O my old, my bosom-foe,  
Rejoice not over me !  
Oft-times thou hast laid me low,  
And wounded mortally,”

puts it low down in the scale of devotional composition ; and in some lines it breathes a spirit of defiance unsuited for congregational worship. The “David and Goliath” hymn—

“ Who is this gigantic foe  
That proudly stalks along ;  
Overlooks the crowd below,  
In brazen armour strong ? ”—

comprises fifty-six lines ; and 293, another hymn of the same style and sentiment, contains nine stanzas. They have failed through a whole century to make good their position ; and the valuable space obtained by their excision can be utilized for the introduction of hymns that have struck home to the heart of the Church. Hymn 310 expresses essential truth, but in objectionable form :

“ Into a world of ruffians sent,  
I walk on hostile ground ;  
Wild human bears on slaughter bent,  
And ravening wolves, surround ”

The second part of the paraphrase on Isaiah xxxv.—

“ Where the ancient dragon lay,  
Open for thyself a way ”—

could be safely omitted, on the ground that the previous hymn contained amply sufficient in that strain. The spirit of hymn 362, Mortification of Sinful Sense, is good ; but infelicity of expression constitutes a warrant of excision :

“ Withhold whate’er my flesh requires ;  
Poison my pleasant food ;  
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,  
My all of creature-good.”

The want of symmetry, and some other defects of the 368th hymn—

“ Father, see this living clod ”—

are sufficiently accounted for in the fact that the four verses of which it is composed are taken from as many different compositions. A somewhat ponderous hymn, 382—

“ O great mountain, who art thou ? ”—

can be safely omitted. Whatever of special value it possesses comes to us in more available form in other hymns of Charles Wesley. The same canon applies to 402,

“ O might I this moment cease,”

and to 432 :

“Father, into Thy hands alone  
I have my all restored.”

Three hymns beginning with 438, all “12-8s,” are not well adapted for sanctuary service, and it has been deemed expedient to retain only the last part. With the same unanimity as in most other cases, the hymns 442 and 443 have been left out. Protest against error, and loyal testimony for the truth, may certainly find more suitable occasion and expression than in the strong lines:

“The Unitarian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell.”

There are several other hymns in the same section, “For Believers Interceding”—447, 448, with lines such as “Cruel as wild beasts we are”—449, with the query:

“When shall all thy people meet  
In amity sincere?  
Tear each other’s flesh no more?”

—452, on the restoration of the Jews—453, for England—454, against lukewarmness—459, for the fallen, with “the two sticks;” and 460 forming, in the original publication, part of the same hymn—461, having primarily allusion to differences between Moravianism and Methodism—463 and 464, have all been omitted for reasons which we think will be obvious. Apart from objectionable elements, and matters of detail in poetic merit, they do not reach the level desirable for a standard of congregational worship. Two other hymns—465, “For the King,” and 470, “For Masters”—have failed to vindicate their claim to continued position. The hymn for masters has no fitness for public service, and most pharasaic would he be who, with complacency, in private devotion, could adopt the sentiment:

“Inferiors, as a sacred trust,  
I from the Sovereign Lord receive;”

and

“As far from abjectness as pride,  
With condescending dignity.”

The hymn next in order, 471, amongst those published by Charles Wesley in his hymnal for families, in a measure is open to the same objection as in the previous case. Baptismal hymns



have been all too few in the "Collection;" but the ritualism of 477 forms a valid reason for its omission. The quaintness of 487—

"Two are better far than one,"

and the unsingableness of 489, justify their exclusion. The Unity hymn, 490, with many very inferior lines, contains some good verses; and though at first marked for excision, the proposal was subsequently entertained for admitting it in an abbreviated form. In 496, the three stanzas are all of inferior quality; and there are some other hymns—513, "Jesus, with kindest pity see"—517, "Christ our Head"—524, "Our friendship sanctify and guide"—531, "Christ, whose glory fills the skies"—538, in which occurs the singular line:

"Glide with *down* upon their feet"—

which have, principally on the ground of low poetic grade, been omitted.

The chief interest in regard to revision centres in the "Collection;" and it has been thought expedient to indicate very fully the extent and grounds of revision.

Want of space precludes the possibility of extending the same kind of review to the Supplement. In a few cases hymns which in that section were marked for omission in the Montreal list, have, upon re-consideration, been retained. There was one hymn:

"All ye that pass by  
To Jesus draw nigh,"

to which on purely doctrinal grounds exception was taken:

"Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done;"

and

"Acquitted I was  
When He bled on the cross."

The hymn has unique qualities, and a power which has been felt in congregational worship. It has been decided, therefore, that with certain important omissions, and with some verbal alterations, it might still hold a place with other glorious "Atonement" hymns.

In the work of revision there has been an omission of verses, and some alterations of form and phrase, reported at Montreal,

which, in the limits assigned, cannot be brought within the range of this paper. Though, compared with the varied lyric excellences of Charles Wesley's matchless compositions, the defects indicated are only as the small dust in the balance, there has been a consciousness that objectionable features brought into group and distinctive relief might tend to an unfavourable impression. It is therefore only fair to emphasize the conviction expressed in our article on "Methodist Hymnody," deepened by more recent examination of several thousand hymns, of their immeasurable superiority for all purposes of worship.

## II. RE-ARRANGEMENT.

To many of our people the most striking feature of the Hymn Book will be in the arrangement or re-arrangement of the hymns. In the matter of classification, John Wesley was the pioneer of modern hymnody. "The hymns," he says, in prefatory note to the "Collection," are "not carelessly jumbled together, but carefully ranged under proper heads." It is not surprising that in the course of a century some modification should be found desirable; but this fact does not in the least discredit its standard value. The "Collection," in the matter of re-arrangement, sustains a relation to systematized Church psalmody which places it beyond all comparison. In modern railway thoroughfares, and the beautiful mechanism of the steam-engine, as compared with the earlier work of George Stephenson, many points of superiority might be specified; but no one would claim, for later improvements, the distinguished recognition very justly accorded to marvellous pioneer achievements.

The fundamental defect of former arrangement may be accounted for from the governing principle. The design of Mr. Wesley unquestionably was that "the United Societies" should be brought into affiliation with the Church of England. Acts of evangelical enterprise were, it is true, subversive of ecclesiastical theory; for, as Dr. Beaumont felicitously remarked, the Founder of Methodism, in relation to the State system, was like a man in a boat with his face to the pier; every stroke of the oar was sending him farther from it. But the impracticable idea throws luminous light of consistent law upon much that otherwise would remain inexplicable. It accounts for the absence of Adoration as a prominent section of the Hymn Book. In the

ornate and elaborate services of the Establishment, and its grand liturgies of worship, there would be ample element of lofty praise. Methodist services were designed for supplementary evangelical effort; and, by right sequence, from that standpoint, begin with "Exhorting sinners to return to God."

The "Collection" looks less to the comprehensive demands of public worship than to the exigencies of Christian experience. It is pre-eminently experimental: "A little book of experimental and practical divinity." The first part, of ninety hymns, contains "Exhortation," "Pleasantness of Religion," and the department of Eschatology. The second part of the "Collection," of one hundred hymns, comprises penitential subjects: "Repentance," "For Mourners," and "For Backsliders." The third part of John Wesley's arrangement, of *three hundred and fifty* hymns, is all devoted to experimental themes: Watching, Working, Suffering, Meeting, Parting, etc.

In the order of Providence, the great revival of religion of which the Wesleys and their coadjutors were the honoured instruments, was not absorbed by, or appended to, the national system. It was organized into a distinct Church; and then, in view of all the requisites of Church work and worship, came the necessity for a wider range of hymnody. Richard Watson, the impress of whose mind was stamped deeply on the supplementary section of the Wesleyan Hymn Book, was gifted with the highest qualities of poetic taste. As the author of the "Institutes," his ideal of theological completeness was of a very perfect kind. Instead, however, of disturbing the former arrangement, and incorporating material with the "Collection," a Supplement was added. It begins, where every hymn book should, with Adoration; and, through all the several subjects, carries a unity and completeness that would be sufficient for a theological compendium. In the numerous hymn books since then compiled for the use of different denominations, with slight modification, the admirable outline of Watson, Bunting, and Jackson has been almost universally adopted.

Must we, in the direction of the earlier Supplement, and of later Wesleyan revision, and in deference to conservative sentiment and consecrated interest, abide closely by the old lines? May we not safely strike out a new course; and, by some method, seek to unify and combine the several parts into a harmonious



whole? These were questions, felt at the time to be of vital importance, to be decided by the Quebec Committee. Though reluctant to disturb time-honoured arrangement, it was believed that an advantage to the whole Church, of almost incalculable worth, ought to preponderate over mere sentiment.

The outline adopted for the Canadian Methodist Hymn Book has the distinctive merit of combining the best features of Wesley and of Watson, the "Collection" and the "Supplement," of adoration, with the experience of believers; and, in all essential matters, will bear favourable comparison with the recently revised hymn books of the English Wesleyan and American Methodist Churches.

In the earlier sections, Adoration, Creation, and Providence; the Lord Jesus Christ: His Person, Office, and Work; and the Holy Spirit, will be found some of the noblest of the old hymns, and many of the most valuable amongst the new ones. Repentance and Conversion, which follow next in order, comprise sub-sections of Warning and Inviting, and of Penitence and Trust. In regard to the number of hymns, the Penitential has the honour of being the banner-section—containing nearly one hundred, as against ninety in Adoration. The department of Christian Life—an extensive one—comprises hymns for Christians Rejoicing, Praying, Watching, Working, Conflict and Suffering, Full Salvation, and the Hope of Heaven. For Christian Ordinances and Institutions, the Word of God, the Lord's Day, the House of God, the Ministry, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, for which in many points there was inadequate provision, a very full and comprehensive selection has been made. The "Kingdom of Christ" contains the noble missionary hymns which constitute a most valuable addition to our already rich treasures. In order of numerical importance, next to Adoration and Penitence, is the section for Social and Family Worship. Amongst the noblest productions of Charles Wesley's poetic genius are hymns of Death, Judgment, and the Future State; and this section will be enlarged and enriched by numerous selections from other sources of a high order. For special occasions 44 hymns have been provided; and the book will close with 14 Chants and Doxologies.

### III. SELECTION OF NEW HYMNS.

There has been, in this department of work, the very decided advantage of following in the track of previous revisers. "In

this compilation," says the British Committee—equally applicable to the Canadian Hymn Book—"the necessities of public worship have been first considered; and it is hoped that an ample supply of compositions suitable for mixed congregations is here furnished. Many poems of Charles Wesley, also, which up to a late period only existed in manuscript, are here presented for congregational use. The Committee have been glad to avail themselves of the labours of both contemporaries and predecessors, and accordingly the present volume is enriched by a selection from the works of modern hymnologists as well as from the accumulated labours of the past."

Considering the magnitude of the subject, and the wide range over which the selection of hymns extended, there was a surprising unanimity in result. That consentaneousness was not attained by any system of accommodation or of easy compromise. The sense of responsibility was individually realized; and there was manifestly independence of judgment and tenacity of conviction. To most members of the Committee the subject of Hymnology had been more or less one of life-study. Conversation and criticism were not bounded by a solitary canon immediately applicable. They swept the whole domain of devotional psalmody. There was, in unanimity, a cheering and satisfying evidence that in this important work, He who is

"Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of light and love,"

earnestly invoked, was eminently present through all these deliberations.

In the selection of additional hymns, in a book designed for permanence, it was not thought desirable to introduce modern "Gospel songs," popular melodies, and various productions of ephemeral interest. Even in this department, however, there was no adoption of cast-iron rule. Each composition was considered upon its own merits; and "Showers of Blessing," and "I Need Thee Every Hour," which have been turned to good account in evangelical services, and are destined probably to live, have been introduced. Eminently adapted for revival services, as well as for ordinary Sabbath evening ministrations, in affinity of genius with earnest Methodist sentiment, strangely overlooked in the former book, a number of old soul-stirring

hymns will now find a place. As representative of this class, it may be sufficient to mention Joseph Hart's Invitation hymn :

“ Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.”

Amongst the new strains from the sacred lyre of Charles Wesley will be a noble hymn on the Trinity, of the same structure as the National Anthem :

“ Come, thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise ;”

an exulting song of the “ sacramental host,” which, though not in our Wesleyan Hymn Book, has long enriched the psalmody, and supplied language to the worshippers of other churches :

“ Head of the Church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore Thee ;  
Till Thou appear, thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory ;”

a hymn descriptive of conversion, to earlier Methodists familiar as household words :

“ How happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above ;”

and a noble Pentecostal hymn :

“ Away with our fears,  
Our troubles and tears !  
The Spirit is come,  
The witness of Jesus returned to His home.”

It would be worth a pilgrimage to hear some stanzas of this noble hymn to Dr. Guanlett's tune, fervently sung by a great congregation :

“ The presence divine  
Doth inwardly shine ;  
The Shekinah shall rest  
On all our assemblies, and glow in our breast ;



By day and by night  
 The pillar of light  
 Our steps shall attend,  
 And convoy us safe to our prosperous end."

Amongst treasured accessories for congregational worship, ample compensation for all excision, will be many hymns found in earlier Wesleyan publications, familiar during the period of Mr. Wesley's own ministry. It may only be necessary to specify Robinson's effective hymn:

"Come, thou fount of every blessing ;"

Shirley's

"Sweet the moments rich in blessing ;"

Perronet's Coronation hymn, of Methodist antecedents :

"All hail the power of Jesus' name ;"

Cowper's hymn of Calvary, without which no hymn book could be considered complete :

"There is a fountain filled with blood ;"

John Newton's familiar stanzas :

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ;"

Cennick's sweet hymn :

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 I love to think of Thee."

The fine old hymn of Williams, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," and some others of the same class, though not ranking high as compositions, have a meaning and power that all can feel ; and they will constitute a valuable acquisition. We shall also have in our New Hymn Book, available for sanctuary worship, Mrs. Adams' paraphrase of the Bethel vision, which, as linked to a wondrous melody, has been universally adopted :

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
 Nearer to Thee."

To the same source, denominationally, we owe one of the very finest of modern hymns :

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

Amongst the new selections will be Ray Palmer's precious hymn :

“ My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine ;”

Keble's “ Sun of my soul ;” the exquisite hymn of Lyte, “ Abide with me ;” “ Charlotte Elliot's hymn of heart-trust, “ Just as I am,” and its companion composition, “ Thy will be done ”—all of which shine as gems of crystal light in the coronal of sacred song. To the great bard of the Moravian Church, James Montgomery, we are indebted for several valuable hymns, including “ Prayer,” and “ For ever with the Lord.”

Few can regret the necessity for the introduction of a new or revised hymnal, which, without the loss of any valuable hymn, will render available for worship such compositions as those of Sir Robert Grant—

“ O worship the King, all glorious above ! ”—

and of Bishop Heber :

“ Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
Gratefully adoring our song shall rise to Thee.  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !”

From recent additions to the psalmody of English Methodism we shall be able to make valuable appropriations. There shall yet roll up from our sanctuaries, in stately and exulting strain, heightened by the effect of noble music, psalms such as once were chanted beneath the brightness of the Shekinah :

“ Earth with all thy thousand voices,  
Praise in songs the eternal King ;”

and

“ Raise the psalm : let earth adoring,” etc.

Contributions from the psalmody of Scotland will include the Old Hundred, “ All people that on earth do dwell ;” a version of the 23rd Psalm, “ The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want ;” and Bruce's paraphrase, “ Behold the mountain of the Lord,” with the inspiring stanza :

“ The beam that shines on Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;

The King that reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command."

It has occasionally been a cause of regret that hymns of the metrical structure of Heber's rolling missionary strain, of all compositions capable of being effectively rendered in swelling sanctuary song, were not available for ordinary worship. Unlike the *trochaic* sevens and sixes in the Wesleyan Hymn Book, they are all accented on the second syllable, and hence their adaptation to sacred lyrics. In addition to "Greenland's Icy Mountains," in this special metre, we shall have Wordsworth's "Day of Rest and Gladness;" several parts of "Jerusalem the Golden;" and, in addition to some others, Montgomery's incomparably grand paraphrase, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed."

In a class of hymns, limited of course, and yet important, of which Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," may be regarded as a specimen, the social requirements of cultured families has been kept in view. Selections from ancient and mediæval hymns will comprise renderings of Bernard of Clairvaux, and noble translations by Drs. Neale and Irons. The oldest of Greek hymns, with its suggestive reference to infant dedication; the intensely touching and yet deeply incisive strain: "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" the simple but sublime chant: "The strain upraise of joy and praise;" the noble *Te Deum*—said to have burst from the lips of St. Ambrose in a moment of rapt inspiration in the cathedral at Milan—and other grand compositions, freighted with the devotion of ages, may be expected to enrich the worship of "the Methodist Church of Canada."

YARMOUTH, N.S.

## O HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O house of many mansions !

Thy doors are open wide,  
And dear are all the faces  
Upon the other side.

Thy portals they are golden,  
And those who enter in  
Shall know no more of sorrow,  
Of weariness or sin.

O house of many mansions !

My weary spirit waits,  
And longs to join the ransomed  
Who enter through thy gates ;

Who enter through thy portals  
The mansions of the blest ;  
Who come to thee aweary,  
And find in thee their rest.

## THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

A HULSEAN LECTURE BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

## II.

III. But worse trials remained for Christianity than the persecutions of the early centuries. It was a Divine Providence which ordained that, not till after three centuries of unaided struggle, victorious, not because of princes, but in spite of them,—when Diocletian had retired smitten with a vague disease, and Galerius, eaten of worms, had revoked his cruel edicts, and Maximin, terrified by famine and pestilence, had restored their plundered goods, and Licinius and Maxentius had perished miserably in prison or in battle,—that the terrified world flung itself at the feet of the oppressed, and Christianity mounted the imperial throne. It did not succeed because Constantine became a Christian, but Constantine became a Christian because it had succeeded. Long before the battles of Adrianople or the Milvian Bridge, Christianity had carried the day. “We are but of yesterday,” said Tertullian, “and we have filled all that belongs to you—the cities, the fortresses, the free towns, the very camps, the palace, the senate, the forum; we leave to you the temples only.” Little, indeed, did Christianity owe to that trimming Emperor and unbaptized catechumen,—that strange Christian indeed!—who placed his own bust on the statues of Apollo, who thought the nails of the true Cross a fitting ornament for the bridle of his charger, and on whose extraordinary figure the robes so besmeared with gold and crusted with jewels could not conceal the Neronian stains of a son’s and a consort’s blood. But it was in this the supreme hour of her external triumph that the Church was attacked in a new form, by the growth

of heresies which threatened more effectually than any persecution to sap her very existence. The rival religion of Mani, with its Zoroastrian doctrines, the long succession of Gnostics with their notions from the Jewish Cabbala and oriental fancy, could hardly be said to disturb her inward peace. The fierce schism of the Donatists, stained as it was with the intolerant fury of the *circumcelliones*, had been mainly confined to a single province. But it is now that we hear for the first time that fatal name of Arianism, which for centuries kindled the most unquenchable hatred in the Church’s bosom. The ominous discussions of Patripassians and Sabellians had already prepared the way for the wider heresy of the Alexandrian presbyter. There is no more humiliating period in Christian history. Even an orthodox Christian historian, Socrates, compares these frenzied controversies about the Homousion to a night battle, in which the combatants could neither see each other nor understand. Yet even in this dark period, we may admire the venerable charity of Hosius of Cordova, the splendid faithfulness of Athanasius the Great. Arianism might affect the court, and invade the camp, but it was never true, except in semblance, that Athanasius was alone against the world. There were thousands of knees that had not bowed to Baal, and mouths that had not kissed him. The great heart of the Christian multitude was sound. Amid the unintelligible precision of theological technicalities, which professed to define the indefinable, their instinct told them that the various heresiarchs were taking away their Lord. And meanwhile



the defeat of Arianism shows that the Divinity of Christ was no new dogma which had crept unchallenged into the Christian faith; but that, although denied by men of powerful intellects in the highest places, it was yet by the Catholic Church deliberately accepted, solemnly affirmed. At *four* great councils, against *four* great heresies, the Church promulgated her *four* great formulæ on the existence of her Lord—truly, perfectly, indivisibly, distinctly—truly God, perfectly man, indivisibly God and man, distinctly God and man.

IV. Then arose a fresh danger from without. It might well have been thought that in the wild storm of northern barbarian invasion the Church must perish. But it was not so written in the book of God's Providence. Those hero-hearts, refined by a true faith, were the necessary basis for modern civilization. The Church's attitude toward them is best symbolized by those majestic scenes in which the violence of Attila the Hun was overawed by Leo III. at Ponte Molino, and of Genserich the Vandal at the gates of Rome. Already they had heard the name of Christ; already courageous missionaries had penetrated their savage forests and traversed their gloomy hills; and thus the fury of their onset was softened by the recognition of virtues more elevated than courage, and blessings more to be desired than strength. And thus Christianity was not only saved, but became herself the bulwark of all that was valuable in the ancient civilizations. When the degenerate Romans had melted down the statue of Virtus to pay their ransom to Alaric, her bishops earned the title of *Defensores Civitatis*. She saved the vanquished from extirpation, the victors from decay. Barbarians who had seen such types of noble excellence as an Ulphilas or a Severinus, or in later times a Boniface or an Olaf, saw in the priesthood an institution for which they felt a genuine reverence; and this veneration was the means of fusing all that was valuable in two violently conflicting elements

into one splendid, permanent, and progressive society. The churches of Christian Rome, built out of the marble of heathen temples, which had been levelled by barbarian hands, are at once a history and a symbol of the work which the Church did for the world.

V. One more external danger, and one alone, remained—the sudden and overwhelming growth of Mohammedanism. On religious grounds, indeed, the Church of Christ had nothing—and less than nothing—to fear. Strong only as a military theocracy, Islam as a creed was a mixture of fatal apathy with sensual hopes, and did but repeat the same mechanical formulæ with lips of death. Checked in Europe by a long line of Christian heroes from Charles Martel to John Hunniades, and from Hunniades to Sobieski, its aggressive power was broken. It now acts only as a gradual decay in every nation over which it dominates. The traveller in Palestine may be shocked to see even the fair hill of Nazareth surmounted by the white-domed wely of an obscure Mohammedan saint; but he will be reassured as he notices that in every town and village where Christians are there is activity and vigour, while all the places which are purely Islamite look as though they had been smitten, as with palsy, by some withering and irreparable curse.

VI. From this time forward Christianity had no external enemy to fear. From the 5th to the 13th century, the Church was engaged in elaborating the most splendid organization which the world has ever seen. Starting with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, and the mutual independence of each in its own sphere, Catholicism worked hand in hand with feudalism for the amelioration of mankind. Under the influence of Catholicism the monasteries preserved learning, and maintained the sense of the unity of Christendom. Under the combined influence of both grew up the lovely ideal of chivalry, moulding generous instincts into gallant institutions,—

making the body vigorous and the soul pure,—and wedding the Christian virtues of humility and tenderness to the natural graces of courtesy and strength. During this period the Church was the one mighty witness for light in an age of darkness, for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage. Amid the despotism of kings and the turbulence of aristocracies, it was an inestimable blessing that there should be a power which, by the unarmed majesty of simple goodness, made the haughtiest and the boldest respect the interests of justice, and tremble at the thought of temperance, righteousness, and the judgment to come.

But in the last three of these nine centuries, when the Church had achieved her destiny, the germs of new peril were insidiously developed. Faith and intellect began to be sundered, and violence was used for the repression of independent thought. The relations between the spiritual and temporal authorities were disturbed. Kings warred to the death with popes. Popes struggled to put their feet upon the necks of kings. The Avignonese captivity, followed as it was by the great schism of the papacy, shook to the ground the fabric so toilsomely erected. Princes and nations successfully resisted a spiritual power which, by becoming ambitious, had become corrupt. Nations outgrew their spiritual nonage. The marks of that blow upon the cheek which William de Nogaret inflicted on Boniface the Eighth were ineffaceable, and they typified the final rebellion of States against the political dominance of Churches,—the final liberation of thought and science from the shackles of ecclesiastical dogma,—the final victory of the Civil over the Canon law.

Then came the revival of learning, and that epoch which we call the Renaissance. Never, perhaps, was the Faith of Christ in more terrible danger than in the 15th century. It was a state of society remarkably glittering and surpassingly corrupt—radiant with outward splendour, rotten with internal de-

cay. Christendom had practically ceased to be Christian. Priests, turned Atheists, made an open scoff of the religion they professed; scholars filled their writings with blasphemy and foulness; a semi-heathen classicalism degraded even the most sacred phrases into a sickening travesty of Pagan idioms; the tenth Lateran Council found it necessary to re-promulgate the doctrine of immortality; and a Pope jested with his secretary on the profitableness to them of the fable of Christ. All seemed to be lost and dead, when the voice of Luther's indignation shook the world. The strength of the Reformers lay not only in their intrinsic grasp of the truths which they set forth, but also in the corruption, the avarice, the infidelity which they exposed. The greed of Clement V., the haughtiness of Boniface VIII., the frantic violence of Urban VI., the unutterable degradation of John XXIII., the glittering insincerity of Leo X.,—these were what added the roll of vindictive thunder to Luther's words. The heroic devotion of Ignatius Loyola came an age too late. The Romish hierarchy fell, but Christian truth was saved. Sacerdotalism was ruined for ever; but the paramount authority of Scripture, the indefeasible right of individual judgment, the duty and the dignity of progress, the ultimate sovereignty of the race over the individual, the national independence from all centralized spiritual authority, were established on bases which, so long as the world lasts, can never be removed. The hollow majesty of an artificial unity was replaced by the vigour, freshness, and intensity of an individual faith.

But, once more, the pendulum oscillated too far, and individualism brought its own perils. Carrying to an extreme this revolt against authority, and license of personal judgment, during the 17th century, Hobbes in England, Spinoza in Holland, Bayle in France, inaugurated the movement which, in the 18th century, produced that *second* crisis of infidelity in which it seemed as though the Church must be lost

for ever. And what was the issue? How did the world prosper without religion? What need to dwell on that age of "the trifling head and the corrupted heart?" When, in the chambers of St. Louis, a worse than Sardanapalus suffered adulteresses to toy with the crown of France; when a worse than Messalina befouled with lust and assassination the throne of Russia; when in Saxony an Augustus the Strong well-nigh equalled the infamies of a Commodus, and in Prussia a Frederick II. made his court the propaganda of anti-Christian thought, and in England—alas! even in England—an English archbishop complimented an English queen on her placid indifference to her husband's sins; in a word, when effeminacy and blasphemy were the all-but-universal concomitants of an all-but-universal disbelief; in *that* picture we see what the 18th century was, what the 15th had been, and—*quod Deus omen avertat*—what the 19th may become. If literature be a fair test of a nation's condition, is there any literature—not excepting a few vile and recent specimens in England, America, and France—much more revolting than the foul poetry of the cinquecentisti, or the corrupt and enervating fiction that dates from Diderot and Voltaire? The very wit and genius of these men is like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, or a diamond on the mouldering forehead of a skull. To pass from them to those who held the faith which, forsooth, they affected to despise,—to pass from a Politian and an Aretino to a Fenelon or a Melancthon, from Voltaire to Bossuet, or from Tom Paine to Leighton—is like stepping from a dark charnel-house into a glorious cathedral, and from thence into the pure air of the sunny or starlit sky. And was the world better for thus throwing overboard its faith in Christ? Did the world succeed when it had tried to get rid of Christianity? Ay, my brethren, if it be success to boast of liberty and end in a reign of terror; of humanity, and end in Robespierre; of virtue, and to end in the worship of a har-

lot on the polluted altars of Notre Dame.\*

VII. But when this plague of irreligion was foulest throughout society, once more God took pity on an apostate civilization, and purged the pestilence from the reeking atmosphere with fire and storm. He awoke, and His enemies were scattered. The great earthquake-shock of the French Revolution shook the minds of men from their frivolous and atheistic dreams. The finger of God wrote His Mene and Tekel in flame upon the guilty palace-walls, and, when His judgments were abroad in the world, the children of men learnt wisdom.

Let us then take warning, for indeed in what we have seen there is warning both for the world and for the Church. For the world, because it shows what diseases are virulent when men prefer the vapours of the death-vault to the incense of the cathedral; for the Church, because, even from this rough survey, it is abundantly clear what makes her unassailable and what makes her weak. Wealth, luxury, ambition, worldliness, vice; these have wounded her well-nigh to death, when she has been invincible against the scimitar of Mohammedan or the violence of Hun. So far back as the complaints of Clemens and the denunciations of Chrysostom against the gorgeous iniquities of Alexandria and Constantinople, we hear the warning note of peril, and learn that "golden priests who used wooden chalices are stronger than priests of wood with chalices of gold." "You see that the day is past when the Church could say, 'Silver and gold have I none,'" said Innocent IV. complacently to St. Thomas of Aquinum, as he pointed to the masses of treasure which were being carried into the Vatican. "Yes, holy father," was the saint's reply; "and the day is

\* It may be interesting to some readers to know that the unfortunate "goddess of reason," who had been adored with bacchanalian dances, as she sat in white robes, blue mantle, and red cap, with a pike in her hand, on the altar of Notre Dame, died so late as Sept. 30, 1863, ninety years old, idiotic, blind, and a beggar in Alsace.—See Christlieb, *Moderne Zweifel am Christlichen Glauben*, s. 152.



also past when she could say to the paralytic, 'Take up thy bed and walk.' But from age to age God left not Himself without witness, and from age to age the most mighty apology for Christianity has been in the lives of her saints. These have averted from guilty nations the rain of fire. Other religions have withered into dishonoured decrepitude; but she, with continuous rejuvenescence, has renewed her strength like the eagle; has run and not been weary, has walked and not been faint. If ever, through her own faithlessness, she has fallen before her enemies, she has risen Antæus-like, with new vigour, "and shaken her invincible locks." How many of her witnesses have, in ages of corruption, exclaimed like the Maccabees of old, "Let us die in our integrity." And never, though she seemed to be dying, never in her worst days has she lacked "the viaticum of good examples." The 10th century was dark, yet it produced an Anselm and a Bernard; the 15th was corrupted, yet in it lived a Savonarola and a Huss; martyrs, hermits, monks; schoolmen, like St. Bonaventura and St. Thomas; kings, like Alfred and St. Louis; noble ladies, like St. Theresa and St. Elizabeth of Hungary; bishops, like St. Edmund of Canterbury and St. Carlo Borromeo; dissenters, like Bunyan and Whitefield; country pastors, like Oberlin and Lavater; modern statesmen, like Wilberforce and Montalembert; modern clergymen, like Robertson and Lacordaire; these are her best defenders. The "*Nos soli innocentes*" has ever been her best appeal. The sword of her power may be beaten down, but what fiery dart shall pierce the silver shield of her innocence? *There*, my brethren, there is an Apology in which, to the grave, we may all take part; for that shield may be upheld by the weakest and meanest arm. It may not be ours to utter convincing ar-

guments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure. Oh! believe me, not to the diadem of Constantine, not to the tiara of Gregory, not to the gorgeousness of Leo, not to the faggots of Torquemada, not to the sword of the Crusaders, not to the logic of the schoolmen, does Christianity owe one half-hour of her dominion over any human heart; but to the majesty of her self-denials, to the beauty of her holiness, to the meekness of her saints, to the truth, the zeal, the faithfulness of those who asked for nothing better than to follow His example who died as a malefactor to save the world. And these lessons are open to us no less than to them. "They ask me for *secrets* for attaining to perfection," said St. Francis de Sales; for my part I know no other secret than this: to love God with all one's heart, and one's neighbour as oneself." This was the great lesson of Christianity, but Christianity was not only a doctrine but a Life. Oh! let us strive to imitate that Life; take it with you, my young brethren, into the dust and glare of the busy world; amid the struggles and duties of this place of learning now, amid the temptations of great cities and eager lives hereafter, into the country parsonage and the lawyer's chambers, the merchant's counting-house and the soldier's tent; take but this with you, and—pure, happy, noble, confident—you may smile hereafter when men tell you that Christianity is dead. Do this, and it shall never die; it shall grow younger with years; it shall deepen in faith and wisdom, in dominion and power, in purity and peace; the dew of its birth shall be as the womb of the morning, and all they who believe and live thereby shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.



## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## ANNEXATION OR INDEPENDENCE.

A greatly undue importance has been given to the irresponsible utterances on this subject of certain unofficial persons—exaggerated as those utterances were—by the sensational report of a New York “interviewer.” It is certainly only a very small minority, if there are any at all, who desire annexation to the United States. There is in the world no colony more loyal to Great Britain than Canada. The United Empire Loyalist fathers, founders of Canada, were the finest of the wheat, sifted from the revolting colonies. At great cost and with much sacrifice they maintained their fidelity to the mother land. Never has country more fully vindicated its loyalty in hard-fought field than has Canada—and if need were, it would do so again. It is not now going to be false to all its heroic traditions and memories, and, forsaking the “mother of us all,” to fling itself into the arms or at the feet of the American Republic. We are not so in love with their paper constitution, which leads to such entanglements as those of Maine and Louisiana, to the quadrennial civil revolution—to say nothing of their civil war—as to seek its anarchic reign. We have the freest institutions and most direct self-government in the world. As Lord Dufferin remarked at Chicago, we are altogether too democratic to submit to the mode of government of the United States. We have developed relatively much faster than the American Republic, and we possess, at least as fully, all the elements of national prosperity. We are free from many of the social cancers which are empoisoning the national life of our neighbours. We have no polygamous Mormonism; no Ku-Klux terrorism; no Oneida communism; no Illinois divorce system; no cruel Indian massacres. Without self-righteous

Pharisaism we can claim, we think, a better Sabbath observance, a less lax social morality, and at least as high commercial and political integrity.

Suppose that the Mother Country wished to fling us off—which the loan of England's daughter and of some of England's foremost sons does not indicate—she would not fling us into the lap of the neighbouring Republic. Suppose, even, that a majority of Canadians could become so craven as to sell their British birthright to a foreign country—a thing to us quite insupposable—yet the sacred rights of the minority—like Abdiel, “faithful found among the faithless”—no majority could override. And even in the event of annexation, such a factor as a disaffected North, added to a disaffected South, would be no good augury of the future of the unwieldy Republic.

The United States will have enough to do for the next generation to “reconstruct” the conquered South; to educate her illiterate negro and foreign population; to civilize New Mexico and reduce to order and cultivation Texas and the Territories; to pacify her Western frontiers, and to “develop” Alaska, without attempting to absorb a region larger than itself.

If the time should ever come to sever the political connection with the Mother Country—the tie of affection never *can* be severed—it will be with her benediction—as a daughter goes forth with a mother's blessing to reign in a new home kingdom of our own. It will be to build up in our vast and fertile territories—the future wheat-field of the world—a greater Britain, a stalwart Northern nation, instinct with the virtues and perpetuating the institutions of the parent land beyond the sea.

We see no good to be gained, but much evil to be feared, through

harping on this annexation string. Our neighbours, mistaking the opinions of a few individuals for the sentiment of the community, may indulge hopes doomed to inevitable disappointment. The investment of capital—our greatest need—would be prevented, British emigration would be diverted to other colonies, and the peaceful development of the country retarded. We wish to maintain relations of the most cordial friendship with our neighbours, and would like a commercial reciprocity, which we are sure would be as beneficial to them as to us. If denied this, we can live without it; we will seek foreign markets and cultivate home manufactures.

During the twelve years since Confederation we have made won-

derful progress. Let agitators "give us a rest" for a while. A national growth cannot be forced like that of a mushroom on a hot-bed. We are suffering at present from a commercial depression, which we have shared with the rest of the world. But the true elements of our prosperity—our fertile prairies, our vast forests, our treasures of coal and iron, and our teeming fisheries—are practically inexhaustible, and are scarcely yet *begun* to be developed. Our shipping, railways, and canals, in transporting these resources of the country, will soon be earning generous dividends. And, above all, our elements of greatness are the high courage, the habits of virtue, the true patriotism, and the brawn and brain of the Canadian people.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

### WESLEYAN HOME MISSIONS.

Missions have always been regarded as the glory of Methodism. Its Home Missions have added increasing glory to the Church. A large number of poor circuits receive pecuniary aid from its funds, without which the staff of ministers would be greatly reduced. The vast German population of London are specially cared for. A minister and a lay agent are set apart for their benefit, who minister to five congregations, in which there are 151 Church members. A poor locality called Hackney Wick was organized into a Home Mission. A society of twenty-five members has been formed, with fifteen on trial. The Sunday-school contains more than 400 children, under the care of thirty teachers and officers. The Band of Hope numbers 220 members. There are fifty mothers enrolled in the Mothers' meeting, who meet regularly every Monday afternoon.

The opening of a Working Men's Temperance Club, where papers, magazines, books and non-intoxicating refreshments are provided, has very materially assisted the work of the Church, by enlisting the co-operation of a very considerable number of working men, about thirty-five of whom have joined the Club, and in many cases have become regular hearers at public worship. Some of these were notorious drunkards, who have become not only abstainers, but true Christians and members of society.

The district missionaries pursue their arduous and important work with great success. As a sample, we quote from the report of one district: "About thirty places have been visited since Conference, and in every place God has set His seal on the work, and sinners have been saved; in many places, if the missionary had remained a month, or even a fortnight, the results would have been greater. The work has

been most encouraging ; whole families have been converted, many of whom never attended God's house ; several drunkards have been reclaimed, and a publican has also been converted. Eighteen men, who formerly spent their Sabbaths and evenings in the public-house, joined one class."

The Army and Navy work is of special interest. The wars in Afghanistan and South Africa have taken many good Methodist soldiers into the field. One of the ministers appointed to care for the forces engaged in the Zulu war writes : "Sergeant-Major Craig, of the Artillery, came to see me. He is a godly man, and held meetings on board ship coming out, and holds meetings three times a week in his own tent. Lieutenant Thompson, the son of the Archbishop of York, of the same battery as Craig, sometimes conducts these services. On Thursday, May 1st, I went to Stanger, where I found the men very glad to see me. They had not seen a Protestant minister from the time I had been there on the 16th of April. I read and prayed in nearly all the marquees, and left some copies of the *Christian Miscellany*. The place here is full of Methodist literature, whilst when I first came there was scarcely a book to be seen in the tents."

The general good conduct of Methodist soldiers is frequently testified to by the military authorities. In granting a hut for a place of private prayer to the men of the Colchester garrison, Colonel Pemberton told the Wesleyan minister he would be always very glad to do anything for the Wesleyans, for they had conducted themselves the best in his battalion.

#### ITEMS.

The amount promised to the Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund now exceeds one million one hundred and twenty-nine dollars. The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Ireland has decided to raise, for the benefit of Education and Home and Foreign Missions, \$100,000, to be called "The Thanksgiving Fund."

The Free Church of Scotland proposes to raise a Jubilee Fund of \$100,000 in sixpenny subscriptions, to mark the semi-centennial of its Mission work. It was in 1829 that Dr. Duff went as the first missionary of that Church to India. His ship was wrecked upon an uninhabited island thirty miles from Cape Town. No life was sacrificed, but Mr. and Mrs. Duff lost their effects, including 800 volumes of valuable books. Proceeding on their way in another vessel they were dashed ashore in a cyclone at the Ganges, thus having a decidedly rough introduction to their work.

Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan has lately given about \$100,000 for charitable objects ; \$25,000 of this going to assist a hospital in New York, and \$11,000 to liquidate the debt of a church on Fifth Avenue.

A Convention of the workers in the Wesleyan Metropolitan Mission Bands, together with the District Missionaries from all parts of England, was recently held in Great Queen Street Chapel, London. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest.

Rev. John F. Gaucher, of Baltimore, Md., proposes to give \$20,000 to specified objects in Methodist Episcopal Missions. He gives \$10,000 to the training school in Japan ; \$5,000 to the publishing house in Germany ; and \$5,000 to the Martin Mission Institute.

The Raleigh *Advocate* (M. E. Church South) says a mountain preacher in Richmond, Ky., reported to the Conference \$18 20, and twenty-seven pairs of socks, as the sum of his year's salary for preaching the Gospel.

Mr. Edmund Lyon, an aged member of Rev. Dr. Shaw's Church, in Rochester, recently celebrated his 87th birth-day by sending a cheque for \$25,000 to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

#### THE DEATH-ROLL.

Professor John Johnston, for many years of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., died in December, 1879, at the residence of his son,



on Staten Island, aged seventy-three years

Rev. Jabez Bunting Keough, of Montreal Conference, brother to Rev. Thomas S. Keough, Secretary of Toronto Conference, died at Vankleek Hill, December 27th, 1879. He had been in the ministry about a quarter of a century, and was beloved for his zealous labours in the Master's work.

As these notes are being prepared, news has reached the writer that Bishop Haven was conveyed to the tomb, January 6th. Thus in one year the Methodist Episcopal Church has lost two of its bishops. Bishop Haven never fully recovered the effect of his visit to Africa. He was a man of great versatility of talent, and his death will be much lamented.

## BOOK NOTICES.

### *The Life and Work of St. Paul.*

By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.  
2 vols., 8vo., pp. 700 and 678.  
New York : E. P. Dutton & Co. ;  
and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.  
Price, \$6.

Next to the Divine Life of Christ himself no life has been the subject of such profound and critical study as that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and no life will so well repay the profoundest study. No character looms so grandly through the mists of ages as that of St. Paul. No mind has so moulded the thought of Christendom as his.

No one, we think, has brought to the analysis and delineation of the character of St. Paul, and to the study of the age in which he lived, more adequate abilities, and a soul more sympathetic with his subject, than Canon Farrar. His mind is thoroughly steeped in the learning and literature of the age. He may be said to think in Greek, and his translations of the Epistles bring out delicate shades of meaning with a beauty and clearness surpassed, so far as we can judge, by no other man. He has the vivid and well-instructed imagination which from a few hints can reproduce the past, as Cuvier restored the geological animals from a few fossil bones. His learning is not a mere cold dry light. It is a warm suffusive glow, quickening with the hues of life the objects on which it falls. He has the poet's beauty of thought and expression ; and the cadence of his sentences, caught from the exquisite rhythm of

the English Bible, lingers like sweet music in our ears. A happy word or phrase paints for us a vivid thought, as, for instance, the word italicised in the following sentence : "There are souls in which the burning heat of some transfusing purpose *calines* every other thought, every other desire, every other admiration ; and Paul was one." See also a striking characterization of the foul paganism of the Later Empire, in Vol. I., pp. 30, 31 : which we quote in part :

"He who would know what was the aspect of paganism to one who had seen it from his childhood upwards in its characteristic developments, must read that most terrible passage in all Scripture, in which the full blaze of scorching sunlight burns with its fiercest flame of indignation upon the pollutions of Pagan wickedness. Under that glare of holy wrath we see Paganism in all its unnatural deformity. No halo of imagination surrounds it ; no gleams of fancy play over its glittering corruption. We see it as it was. Far other may be its aspect when over it is flung the glamour of Hellenic grace, when 'the lunar beam of Plato's genius,' or the meteoric wit of Aristophanes light up, as by enchantment, its revolting sorceries. But he who would true judge it—he who would see it as it shall be seen when there shall fall upon it a ray out of God's eternity, must view it as it appeared to the penetrating glance of a pure and enlightened eye. St. Paul, furnished by inward chastity with a diviner



*moly*, a more potent *hæmony*, than these of Homer's or Milton's song—sees in this painted Circe no laughing maiden, no bright-eyed daughter of the Sun, but a foul and baneful harlot; and brands upon her leprous forehead the burning titles of her shame. Henceforth she may go for all time throughout the world a branded sorceress. All may read the festering stigma; none may henceforth deceive the nations into regrets for the vanished graces of a world which knew not God."

In the Appendix of the book many subjects of great importance are treated in detail. One of the most interesting of these is the argument, maintained with much cogent reasoning, that St. Paul's thorn in the flesh was a severe ophthalmic affliction, accompanied by epileptic seizures.

Much curious light is thrown upon the opinions and writings of St. Paul by Canon Farrar's familiarity with the little-trodden fields of Talmudic lore. Here he has gleaned a rich harvest of illustration which has never before been brought to bear upon the subject.

Of course, we would not go to Canon Farrar as the best authority for opinions on one or two points of the common belief of Christendom; but these points are not obtruded in these volumes. He contends strenuously, against the destructive criticism of certain German writers, for the historical character of the Acts of the Apostles.

In a brief notice like this we can attempt no analysis of these noble volumes. To every thoughtful reader they will be a perpetual delight, and he will rise from their perusal with truer, nobler conceptions of St. Paul, his work, and his teaching, than he ever had before. With equal learning, they have a literary charm that the solid and useful volumes of Conybeare and Howson do not possess.

The pressure on our space, through the more than usual length of some of the articles in this number, compels the postponement to the next number of several articles and illus-

trations, and also the omission of the page of music.

We are glad to observe that the *Canada Educational Monthly* maintains the high character with which it set out. We know no other educational journal of equal merit. It would be a credit to any country, and is a journal of which Canada should be proud. No practical educationist, we judge, can afford to be without it.

It will increase the interest of the patriotic poem on Canada, which we print on another page, to know that it is written by Mrs. M. E. Lauder, of this city, at present residing in Germany. We are glad to learn that an admirable volume of travel, entitled "Evergreen Leaves," published by Belford & Clarke, Toronto, which was favourably reviewed in this Magazine, is from the same graceful pen. From a lengthy review of it in the *Carlisle Journal*, we are glad to see that it has been received with warm commendation in Great Britain. Canadian writers often have to win their laurels abroad before they will receive recognition at home.

One of the noteworthy issues of the month has been the first number of the *Bystander*, a monthly review of current events—Canadian and general. This trenchant review, it is well known, is written by one of the most accomplished scholars and keenest political writers living. He discusses public events from a perfectly independent point of view, unshackled by the trammels of party. Whether one agrees with all his criticisms or not, one cannot fail to be struck with their brilliance and vigour. Higher journalism, it seems to us, should be a power above party; and in this review that ideal is, to a great degree, realized. It will help to foster in its readers independence of judgment, and a constant reference of public questions, not to the exigencies of party, but to the higher tribunal of eternal righteousness and truth.





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